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DECEMBER 26, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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Dear TIME-Reader:

Looking out of our offices
upon this bright and cheerful
scene in Rockefeller Center at
this season inspires the wish
that I should like to express
for all of us at TIME:

A merry, merry Christmas
to all of you everywhere.

Cordially yours,

James A. Luce

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TIME, DECEMBER 26, 1955

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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: The following must figure in the final shake-up: Eisenhower, Nixon, Salk, Pope Pius XII, Eden, Adenauer, Nehru and Tito. There seems to be no top man in Russia nor did one emerge in Argentina after the deposition of Peron. Pope Pius XII is always in the running, but TIME would have to deal with so many canceled subscriptions that it is very unlikely that he will ever make the grade. Eden has taken up residence at No. 10 Downing Street, while the "Old Man" from West Germany is still in the field. The enigmas are Nehru and Tito; because they are enigmas, they must be considered.

F. M. SLATTERY

Asdee, County Kerry, Ireland

Sir:

All Americans are grateful for the gallant recovery President Eisenhower has made. This brave soldier truly deserves your title.

GEROLD C. WICHMANN

Boulder, Colo.

Sir:

Who else but Walter Reuther—father of the bride at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger.

PAUL LUTZEIER

Detroit

Sir:

Richard M. Nixon—also, he would make a good President and might be a great one.

MARY CLAUDINE HANSON

Hollywood

SIR:

NONE OTHER THAN EGYPT'S NASSER, WHOSE INFLUENCE IN THE MIDDLE EAST, MORE THAN ANY OTHER, WILL INFLUENCE HISTORY FOR YEARS TO COME.

GIDEON CROCKETT JOHNSON

SILVER SPRINGS, MD.

Sir:

The President of the French Republic—Monsieur René Coty.

JOHN F. O'SCANLAN

Vanves, France

Sir:

My nomination is the late Emmett Till. I believe that his death and the subsequent acquittal of Bryant and Milam have awakened the U.S. to the true meaning of Mississippi fascism with its warped sense of justice.

LESTER BANCE

Los Angeles

Xmas Marx

Sir:

Several years ago the dormitory residents at New York University decided to give a Christmas party for orphans from the New York City area. Requests for contributions were sent out but the response was poor. Had it not been for the generosity of Louis Marx the party could never have taken place. Since then the orphans' Christmas party has become an annual one, and Mr. Marx still donates a considerable amount of toys every year. Your Dec. 14 cover story is of special significance to us.

JULIUS TRACHTEN

Treasurer

Gould Hall Society

New York University
New York City

Sir:

May I commend TIME on its story about our friendly competitor, Louis Marx. You intimate that Marx "knocked off" our best-selling Robot by meeting our price and adding a battery motor. In order to meet our \$6 price, Marx eliminated from his robot the phonograph recording which permits our Robot to talk. It says, "I'm Robert the Robot, the mechanical man. Drive me and steer me wherever you can."

B. F. MICHOTM

Ideal Toy Corp.
New York City

Curt, Concise, Cutting

Sir:

TIME's Nov. 28 review of *Ten North Frederick* by John O'Hara is stupid.

JOHN STEINBECK

Sag Harbor, N.Y.

Sir:

TIME's review of *Ten North Frederick* says what needed saying about O'Hara, and says it with just the right length of blade and cutting edge.

L. STIMPSON

New York City

The Oldtime Religion

Sir:

Thanks for your Dec. 5 article on us Baptists. We Baptists demand religious liberty for all. We are the common people; the common people accepted Christ and his teachings.

SAMUEL W. JOHNSON

Alexandria, La.

Sir:

The Baptists are a fine people, but their devotion to the separation of church and state is rather one-sided. Nowhere in the South where Baptists can muster a majority do they hesitate to enact into law their peculiar moral scruples, to the discomfort of liberals and Christians of the older orthodoxies.

WILLIAM H. HESS

Brownwood, Texas

Sir:

Both my wife and I are Christians, but we have never been affiliated with any denomination. We have long felt that we should join some church, but we have never been able to agree on the denomination. Partly on the strength of your article, we are joining one of Abilene's Southern Baptist churches.

RAY F. TURNER

Abilene, Texas

Sir:

We are grateful for the story and the spirit reflected all through it, and trust that it will strengthen and help both our Baptist cause and all Christian life and work. I am sure it will give a lift to our little Baptist congregations in other countries where they are struggling minority groups. I am glad that the subject of baptism was treated on the cover and in the story with such reverence and respect.

(PASTOR) THEODORE F. ADAMS

First Baptist Church
Richmond, Va.

Sir:

I was born a South Carolina Baptist, and raised an Oklahoma Baptist. You won't believe folks no place. TIME's article about the Baptists was just fine.

COWBOY PINK WILLIAMS

Lieutenant Governor of Oklahoma
Oklahoma City

Sir:

Where does TIME get its authority for saying that first century Christians were generally unaware of baptism by sprinkling or pouring? Paul was probably not immersed. The Philippian jailer who was converted at midnight by Paul was baptized within the hour, probably by sprinkling or pouring.

MICHAEL DAVES

Wichita Falls, Texas

¶ After Jesus' baptism by John, *Matthew 3:16* says, "He went up straightway out of the water." After Philip's baptism of the eunuch, the two are described (*Acts 8:39*) as coming "up out of the water." In other Biblical instances, such as that of Paul and the jailer (*Acts 16:33*), the method of baptism is not described.—Ed.

The Clerihew

Sir:

TIME, Nov. 28, used the small verse about Clive without referring to it as a clerihew. This omission occasioned our small circle

* A sort of formless four-line verse named after its inventor, English Author Edmund Clerihew Bentley (*Trent's Last Case*). Other sample Bentley clerihews:

*The art of biography
Is different from geography,
Geography is about maps,
But biography is about chaps.*

*John Stuart Mill
By a mighty effort of will
Overcame his natural banknote
And wrote "Principles of Political Economy."*

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3. MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 24; Johannessen, solo; Ackermann, cond.
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5. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto, "Emperor"; H. Kohn, piano; Netherlands Phil. Orch.; Ackermann, cond.
6. BIZET: Symphony in C; Utrecht Symp. Orch.; Huggerts, cond.
7. VIVALDI: The Four Seasons; L. Kaufman, violin; H. Swoboda, cond.
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much disappointment, as we have dedicated ourselves to the study of the work of E. C. Bentley (1875—), whose inimitable hand wrought:

*George the Third
Ought never to have occurred.
One can only wonder
At so grotesque a blunder.*

HUGH A. MACLEAN

Clerihew Society of Ontario
Mundane Mills, Ont.

TIME Covers

Sir:
TIME's Dec. 5 cover, with a likeness of the Rev. Theodore Adams, wins my vote as the most effective of 1955: I wonder if Artist Baker took his inspiration for the praying hands from Dürer's work. Incidentally, Dürer's drawing [see *entl.*], dramatic in spite of almost stark simplicity, is the subject of a new Christmas stamp issued by the Saar.



EMMETT PETER JR.

Leesburg, Fla.

¶ Artist Baker was thinking of the similarity of hands in prayer and the sheltering roof of a church.—Ed.

Sir:
It is always good to see a real TIME cover. Lately, you've seemed to be lost among the old wood and slapdash. Give us more Baker, Giro, Chaliapin and Artzybasheff—the big four.

MARY DEWEY

New York City

Sir:
More of those wonderful covers by Aaron Bohrod—please!

Y. CARMEN BOBA

Chicago

Dartmouth's Dickeys

Sir:
I was extremely pleased to read your Dec. 5 tribute to our president's first ten years in office. In sympathy with President Dickey's youngest child, however, I beg to correct your identification of his sex. John Sloan Dickey Jr., 14 and a student at Exeter, is the president's son and not one of "three daughters."

PEIRCE MCKEE ('51)

Rolla, Mo.

Gin & It

Sir:
Concerning martinis [Dec. 5]: the hell a twist of lemon peel is acceptable to a martini drinker; a true devotee allows no garbage of any kind to contaminate his martini. If those slobs want lemonade, why don't they come right out and ask for it!

WILLIAM F. HICKEY

Ray Village, Ohio

Sir:

When the proportion of vermouth is so infinitesimal, why is the drink still called a martini, "Montgomery," "Hemingway"? Isn't it really straight gin—the same elixir which old, broken-down scrub ladies of London were wont to drown their sorrows in? Let us Americans face the world boldly with the fact that we are becoming a nation of gin drinkers, not martini imbibers.

BETSEY CISSEL

Goleta, Calif.



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One idea made the kerosene lamp obsolete.

But it has taken billions of dollars to replace it, and much of the money has been provided by loans from commercial banks. The story goes like this:

After Mr. Edison and his private backers proved the new incandescent lamp practical, progressive men the country over saw that electric light could be sold cheaply to all the people.

From the first, the job was too big—too costly—for any individual to tackle. So groups of citizens got together and formed light and power companies.

Then, as the industry expanded, even the most prosperous companies lacked enough hard cash for generating more power, stringing up miles of new wire, and delivering current to millions of new consumers. So they turned to the nation's banks for assistance.

In less than half a century America was able to put the kerosene lamp on the museum shelf.

But there is nothing exceptional about this example of banking's contribution to progress. The simple fact is that it is banking's job to put the community's idle money to work wherever and whenever bankers find opportunity for profitable enterprise.

Money at work in utilities or any other industry results in jobs for men and women, returns for investors, and a high standard of living for the American people.

The Chase Manhattan Bank of New York, first in loans to American industry, is proud of the part it is playing in our nation's progress.

THE
CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK

(MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION)



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Progress

About the health of the President of the U.S., Dr. Paul Dudley White, the heart specialist, was optimistic. He had studied the clinical reports from last fortnight's searching party at Walter Reed Hospital, conferred with his physician colleagues on the case. Last week at Gettysburg he made his own extensive examination, and, as has become his custom, made a report of his findings to the U.S.

The President's heart attack, he said, was not caused by the stresses and pressures of the presidency; the President, like most of Dr. White's 12,000 other heart patients, was not likely to suffer a second attack. The President would be able to assume a much heavier work load starting around Jan. 9, after a two-week trip to the South for an easy return to normal exercise. The big political question of whether Dwight Eisenhower would be fit enough to seek a second term, Dr. White implied, could be answered in mid-February, after his next and probably final examination. "He was out of danger from this last attack within a few weeks," White concluded. The report:

How Is He? "His general health is good. He has no symptoms in any way pertaining to his heart—that is, he has no pain, no shortness of breath. There was a comment made about fatigue a week ago, which was not due to his heart but which may be attributed to fatigue such as anyone may feel. If any of you work quite hard with a long conference, you may get tired. It's a nervous symptom, as I view it, in all probability."

The Tests. "The physical examination has been good right along—blood pressure, pulse rate and so on have been all right. The laboratory tests have also been encouraging. By laboratory tests, we mean the blood testing and the electrocardiogram—which, although fairly well stabilized, has actually improved in the last few weeks. And we are encouraged about that. The X-ray studies made a week ago are also encouraging. He stood the strain of the last six weeks very well, as shown by the fact that the heart size has not increased in these weeks."

The Work Load. "In summary, the progress to date has been excellent and encouraging, but he has not yet been subjected to his full load of work. Four or five weeks of exposure to that should suffice for a medical estimate as to the ability

of his heart to stand the work. If, for example, he should resume pretty much his full job in the second week—I think about the 9th of January—four or five weeks added on to that date would be the time that we doctors would think desirable for that more or less final test. And that date would bring us to about the middle of February. But we want him to



Associated Press

HEART SPECIALIST WHITE
"Excellent and encouraging."

get some exercise before that, and since the weather may continue to be cold here, it is thought that he might find a visit to the South helpful from that standpoint. He could have, say, a fortnight right after Christmas."

Can He Run Again? "The future rests in the lap of the gods, as it more or less does with all of us in this room. With average luck and common-sense care, it is possible for the President to live for years and be fully active—as have many others among my own patients who have recovered similarly. But since none of these other patients of mine with coronary thrombosis have been Presidents of the U.S.A., I cannot speak with experience on that point."

"We doctors can only advise the President medically. He must make his own decision. I voted for him before and I will vote for him again, I think—not because

I am a Republican; because I am independent."

"What is our advice? First, steadily increasing activity, both physical and mental, up to his full job, which I hope in some way all future Presidents may be at least somewhat lightened. This is the treatment advised."

Pulse: Steady

Just before President Eisenhower's heart attack, Pollster George Gallup checked the nation's political pulse, found that for the presidency the voters stood:

For Eisenhower	59%
For Adlai Stevenson	37%
Undecided	4%

After some talk that Ike's illness might have caused many voters to change their minds, Gallup checked again, this week reported his new findings:

For Eisenhower	58%
For Stevenson	39%
Undecided	3%

REPUBLICANS

Lining Up

Still wondering whether President Eisenhower will run in 1956, other Republicans are getting into position:

¶ Associates of California's William Knowland, minority leader of the U.S. Senate, passed the word that if President Eisenhower does not announce his intentions by Feb. 1, Knowland will become an active candidate and enter Republican primaries. Knowland's timetable has a firm basis in political logic: if he is to get anywhere, he must enter certain state primaries, e.g., New Hampshire and Wisconsin, that have early filing deadlines.

¶ Last week Ohio Republican leaders endorsed Senator John W. Bricker as a favorite-son candidate in the state's presidential primary. Bricker, accepting, said he would switch the Ohio delegation to Eisenhower if the President decides to run. But if Ike does not stand for reelection, the favorite-son device would give Bricker a chance to swing his state's 56 convention votes to a candidate of his liking, such as Bill Knowland—or maybe even in a serious bid by John W. Bricker (who settled for the nomination for Vice President in 1944).

¶ With the knowledge but not the formal approval of Massachusetts' Governor Christian A. (for Archibald) Herter, letters were being circulated by the

Christian A. Herter-for-President-in-Case-Eisenhower-Doesn't-Run Club.

Up against a Feb. 11 filing deadline for their state's delegate election, seven New Hampshire Republican leaders, including Governor Lane Dwinell, said they would run for positions as delegates favorable to Eisenhower.

DEMOCRATS

The Practiced Hand

The candidate's flushed face wore a beatific smile. He elbowed his way through the pressing crowd in the Congressional Room of Washington's Willard Hotel, stepped onto a platform and picked up a coonskin cap. He put it on, took it off, waved it, put it back, took it off again, tossed it aside. He enthroned himself in a large chair in front of a head photograph of himself that measured five feet from groomed hair to fighting jaw. Then Estes Kefauver, in his familiar, prim drawl, began to read: "I have received much encouragement, particularly from the rank-and-file members of the party. I therefore announce my candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination at the convention to be held in Chicago next August."

Rank & File Strength. Since Kefauver's vote-getting reputation rests almost solely on his showing in the 1952 primaries, reporters' questioning centered on his plans for next year's contests. Would he enter the California primary in a head-on collision with Adlai Stevenson? Kefauver, just returned from a six-day trip to California, said he had promised his followers to run there if he ran at all. What about Minnesota? Said Kefauver: "Well, I concede that things are pretty well stacked against me, apparently, but I have been receiving an awful lot of requests from rank-and-file people to enter. I will have to evaluate whether I have enough rank-and-file strength to offset the big bloc of political strength which has gotten behind Mr. Stevenson."

Does he intend to file in New Hampshire, where his 1952 win over President Truman gave him perhaps his finest hour? His grinning reply: "I heard somewhere or another that my political associates were already getting their snowshoes out." And Florida? Said Kefauver: "The sunshine is very beautiful in Florida this time of year."

Trouble with Postcards. The limiting factor, said Kefauver, is money. He explained in his best patched-pants style: "When I was out in California the other day, somebody told me that just to send a postal card to all the Democratic voters of California costs at least \$15,000—one postal card. So that this campaigning has gotten to be very, very expensive. . . . I do not have the money available and I do not know where I am going to get funds from. I do have reason to feel that some people will help me. . . ." Kefauver was asked what differences might arise between him and other Democratic hopefuls. Said he: "I do not expect at this



Walter Bennett

CANDIDATE KEFAUVER
Into the sunshine on snowshoes.

time to try to point out the differences between the attitudes, for instance, of Mr. Stevenson or Harriman or Lausche or others, on public issues, as compared with my own position. These gentlemen are all vocal and speak frequently, and whatever differences there may be, and the differences that come up in the future, I'm certain the press and the public will be quick to discern them."

What, Kefauver was asked, makes him think he can win if President Eisenhower runs again? Kefauver, with just the proper touch of humility, replied: "I certainly would not feel that I had anything like the personal attractiveness that President Eisenhower does." But, he was quick to add, the difference would be more than made up by the fact that "there is broader and wider and greater strength in the Democratic Party than in the Republican one."

A Barometric Reading

Already committed to enter the Minnesota presidential primary next March 20, Adlai Stevenson last week announced plans to run in at least four more states: Illinois on April 10, Pennsylvania on April 24, Florida on May 29, and California on June 5. Said Stevenson: "These primaries were selected to provide for expressions of preference on a regional basis in the East, Midwest, South and West."

But Stevenson took more than the compass into account in picking his spots: he also made shrewd use of the political barometer. His choice of primaries offers a minimum of risk, yet gives him a chance to satisfy demands that he test himself at the polls. In Minnesota, he will have the almost unbeatable organization of Senator Hubert Humphrey going all-out for him; on his home ground in Illinois, he will be a favorite son; in Pennsylvania, the primary is made to order for organization control, and Stevenson has in his corner every state leader, including Governor

George Leader, Pittsburgh's Mayor David Lawrence and Philadelphia's Mayor Richardson Dilworth.

Thus, only Florida and California hold a chance for an upset—and they, not much. Florida's popular Governor LeRoy Collins leans toward Stevenson, and the state's anti-Collins faction is led by ex-Governor Fuller Warren, a hater of Estes Kefauver from the days of the Kefauver investigating committee. Kefauver has kept up his Miami contacts, and some observers believe he can still carry that city; elsewhere in Florida his star has dimmed. In California, Stevenson has already lined up nearly all Democratic leaders, including most of those who supported Kefauver in 1952.

In announcing his plans, Stevenson made clear that he had "reached no final decision at this time regarding possible entry into other state primaries." In some states he would have little choice, e.g., Oregon, which permits a candidate's name to be entered without his consent.

Stevenson will also be under heavy pressure—mostly from those who wish him no good—to enter other primaries, especially the prestige-packed Wisconsin race. On the ground that he will be too busy in Minnesota, which comes two weeks before the April 3 Wisconsin primary, Stevenson hopes to stay clear of Wisconsin. For this, he has good cause: a survey recently turned over to him by a supporter, former U.S. Representative Andrew Biemiller, indicates that Estes Kefauver might very well beat Stevenson in Wisconsin.

Serious?

Mixed in with the Christmas cards received last week by Rudy Stapleton, Democratic chairman of Fulton County, Ohio, was a letter of more than usual interest. It said: "To enable the selection of the delegates from Ohio, and thus qualify them for attendance at the convention, I will allow my name to be used as the favorite son to whom you and others so disposed will be initially pledged." The letter was signed by Ohio's Governor Frank Lausche.

Just a month before, Frank Lausche had been asked if he might run for President, and he replied: "I don't think I have a chance." But his announcement last week was taken seriously even outside Ohio by some Democrats, who see Lausche as a candidate around whom the party's more conservative members may be able to rally. Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, Texas' Governor Allan Shivers and Louisiana's Governor Robert Kennon are among those who have spoken approvingly of Lausche as a possible candidate for President.

Since Lausche plays his political cards notoriously close to his rumpled shirt front, it is difficult to tell if he has changed his mind and now takes his chances seriously. One indication may come in February, when the deadline falls for his filing to run for re-election as governor, or against Republican George Bender for the U.S. Senate.

CALIFORNIA

The Partners

Early this year, to the surprise of no one, California's Governor Goodwin J. Knight announced that he was a "nominal" candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. He wants the 70-man California delegation pledged 1) to President Eisenhower, if he chooses to run, and 2) to Goodie like if Ike is not a candidate. The governor's announcement was a warning to others—especially Vice President Richard Nixon—who might covet the delegation for themselves and try to capture it at next June's primary. This week Knight underscored the warning with another announcement of considerable significance: "I have asked Clem Whitaker and Leone Baxter to serve as our campaign directors."

Whitaker & Baxter, political pressagents, are a lanky, gentle-looking white-haired man and an uncommonly pretty redhead. In nearly 25 years, the firm of Whitaker & Baxter has managed 75 political campaigns (all but two confined to California) and has lost only five. Their biggest foray onto the national political landscape was management of the American Medical Association's successful campaign against Harry Truman's compulsory health-insurance plan.

In private life, Clem, 56, and Leone, a youthful looking 49, are Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker. They alternate at being president and vice president, switching jobs every year. They hardly know the pronoun "I"; almost always they are "we." Usually, they answer telephone calls together on two extensions, divide profits equally, plot their campaigns together (often in the seclusion of an oceanside resort). Clem has a genius for long-range planning and Leone tends to defer to his political judgment. Leone is a talented writer, a minter of bright ideas, and more the day-to-day executive than Clem.

The partnership began in 1933, at a meeting in Sacramento. At the time, the state legislature had just passed a bill authorizing the Central Valley Project, which was conceived largely as a flood-control, irrigation and salinity-control development in Northern California. But the powerful Pacific Gas & Electricity Co. correctly foresaw that the project might become a threat to private power, and initiated a referendum to defeat it. In some alarm, State Senator Jack McColl and other Central Valley advocates called a strategy meeting and asked Whitaker, a rising young pressagent, to sit in. Also at the meeting was Leone Smith Baxter, 26, a recent widow who was also something of an expert in publicity as well as a prime mover in the C.V.P.

Clem and Leone agreed to run the campaign together for a frugal \$40,000. Bearing down on the farmers and making heavy use of small-town newspapers and the relatively uncultivated medium of radio, they defeated the referendum handily. The astonished Pacific Gas & Electric Co. promptly signed Whitaker & Baxter

to an annual retainer, has employed them ever since. Incorporating themselves as Campaigns, Inc., they became the acknowledged originals in the field of political public relations (they are still the world's only permanent specialists in the field). In 1938 they made it a full-time partnership by getting married, and settling down in a rambling Marin County house with a heated, kidney-shaped swimming pool.

Between them, Whitaker & Baxter have elected two governors, a gaggle of lieutenant governors, mayors and assorted lesser officials. The political climate of California is exactly right for an operation such as Whitaker & Baxter's. The state has no real political machine, and California voters have little party loyalty. California's "modern" constitution gives the people the power to initiate legislation by ballot, to pass on acts of the legislature by referendum and to recall elected officeholders by popular vote before their terms have expired. All this puts a high

eral Government stepped in. We were against that, but not the original purpose of C.V.P."

Whitaker & Baxter are deeper than the clichés of liberals and conservatives. When schoolteachers came to them with a mammoth program for increasing school salaries, the teachers told them that big business would oppose the plan because it would increase taxes. Whitaker & Baxter did not agree, and succeeded in lining up the business community behind the teachers. Accosting one corporation president, Clem says, "We asked what his receptionist earned. He said \$300 a month. We showed him that the minimum teacher salary at that time was just over \$100 a month. He was a man who was always complaining about radicals among schoolteachers. We asked him what the hell he expected. And he came around." So did the voters, who pushed through three pay raises within eight years. Whitaker & Baxter charged the California Teachers Association a stiff \$772,000 for the cam-



Jon Brenneis

POLITICAL PRESSAGENTS BAXTER & WHITAKER AT HOME
With a common pronoun and uncommon common sense.

premium on public sentiment and on shifts in it. Whitaker & Baxter, filling the vacuum created by the destruction of old-style party organization, are specialists in public sentiment.

Too Much Breakage. Though they have often been accused of selling their services to the highest bidder, their record has considerable consistency. They refuse to take a campaign, at any price, unless they believe in it. "There is too much personal breakage in this business to do it any other way," says Clem. "You give too much of yourself during a campaign." After they signed up with P.G. & E., Whitaker & Baxter were suspected of selling out to the private power interests. Not at all, says Clem: "The Central Valley Project was not conceived as a power project, but it began to turn into one when the Fed-

erations, but succeeded in raising the payroll from \$77 million to \$400 million a year.

The partners' most notable successes have been in the defeats they have handed out. Many of the zany schemes that have characterized California politics of the past generation—e.g., the "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday" pension plan, Upton Sinclair's EPIC ("End Poverty in California") campaign—were victims of Whitaker & Baxter's attacks. Similarly, many of the recent political eminences in California were created by the two. They taught Earl Warren how to smile in public, and were the first to recognize the publicity value (e.g., at a Malibu Beach grunion hunt) of his handsome family. They brought the ebullient Goodie Knight before the public with a grueling speech-

making campaign, and have tried to keep a check on him ever since. When San Francisco Mayor Roger Lapham was threatened by a petition for his recall, Whitaker & Baxter saved his job with a brilliant campaign against "the Faceless Man." The Man was the creation of Leone—a drawing of an evil-looking politician with no face, which she doodled on a restaurant tablecloth and transferred to billboards all over San Francisco. It had, like most Whitaker & Baxter creations, a certain basic logic. In the very nature of recall fights, the challenged official must expose his record to attack, but there is no opponent to take the counterpunches.

The Wilting Candidate. Whitaker & Baxter throw everything into the job. Often they will beef up their own 14-man staff by employing an entire public-relations firm. They are unrelenting perfectionists: during the 1954 gubernatorial campaign they once kept Goodie Knight wilting under the klieg lights and cameras for a full day before they were satisfied with four 60-second TV spot films. In one campaign they flooded California with 10 million pamphlets, 50,000 letters, 4,500,000 postcards, 70,000 inches of display advertising in newspapers, trailers in 160 theaters attended by 2,000,000 people, spot announcements on 109 radio stations, twelve TV shows, 1,000 billboard ads and 20,000 small posters. They have a deep disdain for lobbying, and scrupulously refrain from asking political favors. Their services are expensive (the four-year A.M.A. fight cost \$4,700,000; Whitaker & Baxter's fee, \$400,000), but the results, most of their satisfied customers agree, are worth it.

Last week a reporter asked the partners a question: Would they have had their record of 70 successful campaigns if they had worked for the other side? Whitaker was uncertain, but Baxter said: "I think we could have won almost every one of them—but it wouldn't have been worth it."

AGRICULTURE

Word from the Farm

In the halls of Chicago's Sherman Hotel, the 5,000 well-brushed, neatly tailored conventioners looked as if they might have turned out for the annual convention of Kiwanis International. They were members of the solidest and biggest (1,623,222 families) farm organization in the U.S., the American Farm Bureau Federation. As expected, they talked mostly about one subject: the price problem back home. But what they said was quite different from what many politicians have been saying for them.

"My income is down 25% or 30% from last year," said Vernon McLeod, 33, who raises hogs, cattle, corn, wheat and oats on his 390 acres near Lyons, Mich. "But I'm not for 90% of parity. I'm for flexibility, something as close to supply and demand as you can get. I don't like artificial situations." Said Harold Umbaugh, 42, who has chickens, corn, wheat, oats, soybeans

and hay on his 195 acres at New Paris, Ind.: "We farmers don't like to be on the dole. We like to make our own decisions. We ought to use price supports like brakes on a car, for emergencies."

Promissory Disaster. On the convention floor, the tone of the lobby talk was faithfully preserved. As their 163 voting delegates, Farm Bureau members had sent mostly stable, successful farmers in their late 40s or beyond, who have plowed and planted through the depths of depression and the peaks of prosperity. Their keynote was Farm Bureau President Charles Baker Shuman, a corn, cattle and soybean farmer from Sullivan, Ill. Shuman complained that farmers have been caught in "a serious cost-price squeeze," but went on to praise U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson as "a very conscientious



FARMER SHUMAN

Arthur Siegel

They talked plainly for themselves.

man who is doing as good as any man in his job can do under the circumstances."

Farmer Shuman blamed the old 90%-support program for producing troublesome surpluses, read a lecture to the politicians: "It is not only dangerous from the standpoint of agriculture to see who can promise the highest level of support, but I think it would be disastrous to the party that gets in power. The party committed to high, fixed supports would feel obligated to put them into effect, and that would result in farm income going down and surpluses continuing to accumulate."

From its resolutions committee, the convention got a proposal to reaffirm last year's stand in favor of Ezra Benson's flexible-support program. There was a lively but short-lived flurry of opposition from some Southern delegations, who wanted cotton, tobacco, wheat, rice and peanuts supported at a rigid 90% of parity. The vote was 124-39 for flexibility. Drawled E. H. Agnew, South Carolina cotton farmer who had helped lead the

defeated Southerners: "It's like being a bastard at a family reunion and a skunk at a wedding reception."

Having settled that point, the convention pushed through a resolution calling for new Government action on the farm problem. Most of the plan centered on a land-rental and soil-bank proposal under which the Government would pay benefits to farmers who reduced their acreage of surplus commodities and planted soil-building crops instead. Into their plan the delegates wrote a new principle for reducing surpluses: payments to farmers who reduce their planting would be made in certificates entitling them to buy at reduced prices a supply of surplus crops stored in Government bins.

Preparing the Package. While the Farm Bureau was taking its stand, Ezra Benson was meeting in Washington with his National Agricultural Advisory Commission to draw the outlines of the Eisenhower Administration's 1956 farm legislative program. The plan will turn around the six points that Benson listed earlier (TIME, Dec. 12), including a soil bank. Benson was considering the Farm Bureau's certificate gimmick, but he had not decided whether to accept or reject it. (Secretary Benson last week announced a new plan designed to reduce the surpluses: he will give surplus wheat, corn, rice and dry beans to private welfare agencies for shipment abroad to help feed the hungry.)

As he filled his 1956 legislative package, Benson was trying to fit in an item to cover every situation. As of last week he favored a ceiling on the amount of Government support any farmer can get, a proposal that had a remarkable pair of recommendations from the left-of-center Farmers Union and U.S. Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey. The Farmers Union sees it as a way to hold down the amount of U.S. funds going to big farmers, and George Humphrey sees it as a sensible protection for the Treasury.

After the legislative package is filled and tied, the Secretary of Agriculture plans to eat his way through a series of breakfasts with Congressmen, selling his plan between bites. While he is still clinging tightly to his principle of flexible price supports, Ezra Benson in 1956 will be aiming, far more than ever before, to please the farm politician and the farm voter.

LABOR

Memo for Liberals

In a memorable speech last week before the National Religion and Labor Foundation in New York, newly elected A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany bluntly scored some U.S. liberals and international neutralists for avoiding the facts of 20th century political life. Excerpts:

"Too many in the free world fail to see the real nature of Communism as the mortal foe of everything that we hold dear, of every moral and spiritual value. Too many are still prisoners of the illusion that Communism is, historically speaking, a progressive system . . . extreme liberal-

ism temporarily making bad mistakes. Actually, Communism represents darkest reaction. It is an anti-social system in which there are embedded some of the worst features of savagery, slavery, feudalism and life-sapping exploitation manifested in the industrial revolution of early-day capitalism.

"Too many in the free world seem to have lost their capacity for moral indignation against the most brutal inhumanities when they are perpetrated by Communists. It is painful, but we must face the cruel facts of life. It is disturbing to me that many people in our country who call themselves liberals are stone silent about the Soviet concentration camps. They never find the time to utter a word of condemnation against the Communist imperialist destruction of the national independence and democratic rights of hundreds of millions of people in Europe and Asia.

"One would expect the true liberal to cry out in protest. Communism is the deadliest enemy of liberalism. Liberals should be the most consistent and energetic fighters against Communism. Liberals must also be on guard against developing a certain type of McCarthyism of their own. They must shun like a plague the role of being anti-anti-Communist. Only by refusing to be thus entrapped can liberals shed every vestige of subconscious and conscious regard for Communism as a movement with which they have something in common.

"No country, no people, no movement can stand aloof and be neutral. Nehru and Tito are not neutral. They are aides and allies [of the Communists] in fact and in effect, if not in diplomatic verbiage.

"The conflict between Communism and freedom is the problem of our time. It overshadows all other problems. This conflict mirrors our age, its toils, its tensions, its troubles and its tasks. On the outcome of this conflict depends the future of all mankind. I pray that, on the threshold of the atomic age, we of the free world can muster the moral courage and total strength to preserve peace and promote the freedom of the men and women of every continent, color and creed."

ARMED FORCES

Man Who Gave

It is the destiny of the professional soldier to wait in obscurity most of his life for a crisis that may never come. It is his function to know how to solve it if it does come. It is his code to give all that he has.

In 1944 Frank Dow Merrill, then an obscure, 40-year-old U.S. infantry officer, found his crisis in Burma. Under command of General Joseph Stilwell, the Allies were set to drive across northern Burma to Myitkyina, key Japanese defense base and main air base from which fighters menaced the allied air route over "the Hump" to China. With a newly built road eastward from Ledo in northern India, they would intersect the Burma Road, reopen the land route to China.

Nameless Mission. West Pointer Merrill got command of an esoteric collection of U.S. infantrymen. They formed the 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional), whose parenthetical appendage proved symbolic. Culled from jungle-trained troops throughout the Pacific Theater, including a full battalion of Guadalcanal veterans (already thoroughly infected with malaria), the 3,000 men volunteered for a nameless "dangerous and hazardous mission."

"Merrill's Marauders" made American infantry history in the semi-guerrilla tradition begun by Rogers' Rangers and Morgan's Raiders: small groups of troops with heavy firepower, designed for mobile, long-range harassment behind enemy lines. The Marauders' job: surprise encirclement and roadblocks behind the Japanese front as Stilwell's mainly Chinese



MARAUDER MERRILL

He walked always with his men.

forces drove slowly toward Myitkyina.

No man looked less a leader for the daring end-run tactics than studious, shy Frank Merrill, a pudgy, peaceful staff officer with bad eyes and a weak heart, who had had little experience commanding troops. But Merrill was a professional of high intelligence and remarkable tenacity.

Decisive Moment. "We will walk back into Burma," said Merrill firmly, as his men left India in February 1944. For the next four months, supplied by airdrops and using only mules and their own feet for transport, they slogged 500 miles across the most nightmarish terrain on earth, fought five major engagements and 30 minor ones against the crack Japanese 18th Division, whose commanders were convinced that the regimental-strength Marauders totaled two full divisions.

Flitting and stabbing day and night, sometimes fighting as long as 36 hours without food or water, crawling on hands and knees up sheer mountains, the end-

running Marauders met the Japanese in obscure clearings with names like Walawbum, Shaduzup, Inkanghawng, Miangkwan. This was the primitive Burma where tribesmen had often never seen a white man—a harshly forbidding land of thunderous rivers and almost impassable jungles, where leeches clung to a man and drained his blood while stinking rot filled his soggy boots, where it rained 160 inches a year and nearly every Marauder shook with malarial fever.

Merrill walked always with his men, outworking and overworking them, seldom more than 100 yards from his fighting perimeter. Everything he had ever learned came together in the decisive moment of his life. If a precious radio broke down, he could repair it himself, then outwit Japanese jamming by telling his enemies a fairy tale in their own language, dumbfounding them into silence long enough to rasp out his message in English.

Undimmed Splendor. But Merrill's spirit, like that of his men, was greater than his body could stand. Struck down with a coronary thrombosis, for three days he refused to be evacuated, was finally ordered out. As he recuperated in India, the Marauders' 2nd Battalion was trapped at Nhpum Ga for eleven days, and cut in half. Trying to relieve their comrades, the 3rd Battalion was also stunned and exhausted before Stilwell's main Chinese offensive forced back the Japanese.

With only two weeks' rest, the Marauders were next flung into a drive on the Myitkyina airstrip itself. Against the odds, they captured it in mid-May 1944, just as Merrill returned to lead them—only to suffer a second heart attack soon after. When Japanese reinforcements arrived, a major battle developed in which the disease-ridden Marauders (now only 1,310 strong) were ordered to participate with far larger conventional forces of Chinese and British Empire troops. In the desperate Allied effort to hold on, a call for every able-bodied man forced many incapacitated Marauders back to the front line from hospitals in India.

This order, which Stilwell later was appalled to discover had been far too harshly carried out by overzealous subordinates, provoked a sitdown strike among the Marauders. As a mobile, one-shot force, they had succeeded brilliantly in harassing action, losing only 424 men in combat while inflicting tremendous casualties on the Japanese. But the static Nhpum Ga siege had broken their spirits—while amoebic dysentery, malaria, scrub typhus and psychoneurosis had put 1,970 men out of action. The Marauders were neither prepared nor equipped for the Myitkyina battle. They were withdrawn in June, disbanded in August.

Their end seemed inglorious, yet the splendor and pride of their campaign clung to Merrill and his Marauders. His own brilliant Army career cut short when a third heart attack in Manila forced his retirement as a major general in 1948, Merrill was always acutely conscious of



Religious News Service

MONACO'S PRINCE RAINIER & FATHER TUCKER
In search of gold-flecked eyes and an extraordinary feeling.

what his men had undergone. He attended their annual Labor Day reunions religiously, wrote them letters all year round, kept them out of trouble, lent them money.

Appointed New Hampshire highway commissioner by Governor Sherman Adams in 1949, Merrill, an Army engineer in prewar days, went to work with characteristic gusto, forced through an unprecedented 15-year construction program. In New Orleans last week, his new fellow professionals elected him president of the American Association of Highway Officials.

On the way home, stopping at a Florida motel near Jacksonville, Frank Dow Merrill, 52, suffered his fourth and final heart attack.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Prince & the Priest

The personable young prince seemed to have everything in the world that a prince could desire: a beautiful domain, happy subjects, a private zoo, a 200-room palace, a world-famed gambling casino, a 140-ft. yacht, lots of money. If Monaco, his principality, was one of the smallest independent states in the world (it would fit neatly in the middle of New York's La Guardia Airport), there were other compensations. For example, the prince had plenty of titles (16) and a *Croix de guerre* for his wartime service in the French army. Still, something was lacking: the prince had no wife. Last week, in true storybook style, His Serene Highness Prince Rainier III of Monaco, 32, arrived in the U.S., looking for his princess.

Floating Hair. Of course, the princely quest was strictly unofficial, and on his arrival in New York, Rainier smilingly denied that he was seeking an American bride. Officially, the purpose of his trip was a checkup at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, but since Prince Rainier is in royally robust health, that was

obviously just an excuse to justify the expense account. Before he left Paris last week, the Prince gave reporters an idea of what he had on his mind: "The ideal woman, I see her with long hair floating in the wind, the color of autumn leaves. Her eyes are blue or violet, with flecks of gold. Furthermore, she should be practiced in all sports without being champion in any one. I want her to be intelligent but not an intellectual. I want an ordinary woman who will give me an extraordinary feeling. I want her to give me the feeling that she is mine, only mine."

Nothing could please the Prince's 5,000 subjects more than to have him find the girl of his dreams—not merely for Rainier's happiness, but for their own as well. If Prince Rainier dies without issue, Monaco, under the terms of a 1918 treaty with France, will automatically become a French protectorate. The prospect is horrifying to every Monégasque, for it will inevitably bring French taxes and military conscription to a land of no taxes and no army, except for the picturesque 68-man Palace Guard. Every Monégasque wants to see his Prince safely married, and a princeling or two around the principality.

Until Rainier finds his bride, every loyal Monégasque wishes he were not quite so dashing. He is an accomplished yachtsman, horseman and fisherman, and is fond of wrestling with the lion in the royal zoo. He loves to skin dive, once descended 100 ft. off the coast of Corsica. In the 1953 Tour de France, Rainier wrapped his Panhard around a tree, escaped with a cut knee. Whenever he steps into one of his flashy racing cars, all Monaco breathes a prayer for his safety.

At the Prince's side last week was his good friend and royal chaplain, the Very Rev. J. Francis Tucker ("Father Tuck"), 66, a Delaware-born Roman Catholic priest who went to Monaco five years ago.

"Monaco was spiritually run down," he said recently. That was putting it mildly. Prince Rainier was often in the company of Gisèle Pascal, a French actress. A mayor of Monte Carlo had married a former Sister of Charity who had nursed him in the hospital. The clergy were quarreling among themselves. The bishop of Monaco, a Frenchman, did not get along with his Italian priests.

Third-Class Weddings. Father Tuck rose to the occasion. ("The principality didn't get anything from the Marshall Plan but me," he says.) To replace the bickering priests, he imported four members of his own order, the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, sent them bustling about the community. When the bishop died, Father Tuck was influential in the choice of his successor, a French priest who knew and understood the Italo-French people of the Riviera. Father Tuck also abolished first-, second- and third-class weddings in favor of an egalitarian, one-class ceremony, and he organized the youth of Monaco in a junior Newman Club. Gradually, the spiritual condition of the principality improved. "You have brought le bon Dieu back to us," said a grateful parishioner.

Then the busy priest turned his attention to "that boy," the prince. Father Tuck thought that Rainier should get married, and the romance with Gisèle did not seem likely to lead in that direction. One day the Prince took the priest to call on Gisèle. The three spent a pleasant afternoon together. "What do you think of her?" asked Rainier, on the way back to Monte Carlo.

"Why, I think she's just fine," replied Tucker. "She's a real number. In fact, I could go for her myself."

"What do you mean, you could go for her yourself?" asked Rainier. "You're a priest."

"Well, you're a prince," snapped the chaplain, "and you can't go for her either."

In 1953 duty and the gentle urging of Father Tuck prevailed. Rainier and the actress parted, and Gisèle leaped into the arms of Gary Cooper at the Cannes film festival. Rainier has found no steady girl friend since, though a brief encounter with Grace Kelly momentarily raised Monégasque hopes.

This week, after a look at the Bronx Zoo and a round of parties in Manhattan, Father Tuck and Prince Rainier were off on an eight-week tour that will include an appointment with President Eisenhower, Christmas in Delaware, and introductions to eligible girls from California to Texas (as a 2nd lieutenant in the French army in World War II, Rainier served as a liaison officer with the Texas 36th Infantry Division). Like the Monégasques, Father Tuck fervently hopes that he will be singing a royal nuptial Mass soon, and that Monaco will live happily ever after. He is homesick for Delaware and weary of the royal routine. "I'd like to leave Monaco," he sighed, as he sipped a martini. "This high living doesn't agree with an old goat like me."

FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

Challenge & Response

One of the laws of cold war, as Newton's physics, is that action and reaction are equal and opposite. When Soviet pressure relaxes, so does Western vigilance; when Soviet threats increase, so does Western resistance. Last week Soviet pressure increased portentously in the most sensitive spot of cold war: Berlin. The West's reaction was instantaneous: 15 NATO nations, meeting in Paris, moved off the dead center made by the spirit of Geneva and 1) warned the Russians to keep their hands off West Berlin, 2) resolved unanimously to stop the summer's rot in the Atlantic alliance.

What the Communists are up to in Berlin was made plain at midweek by Soviet Ambassador to East Germany Georgy M. Pushkin. In identical notes to the U.S., Britain and France, Pushkin rejected their joint protest over the four-hour detention by East Berlin police of two U.S. Congressmen (TIME, Dec. 12) and added ominously: "East Germany now . . . regulates . . . the lines of communication between [West Germany] and West Berlin." In effect, Pushkin was telling the West: if you want barge permits and free road traffic, apply to the East German Communists; it's no longer any business of ours. His implication was obvious: unless the West agrees to deal with the East Germans (thereby recognizing their so-called sovereignty), Berlin would be made to suffer.

Closing Ranks. Faced with the threat of a new Berlin blockade, the 15 Atlantic allies, meeting in Paris for their sixth annual review of NATO policies, reacted by closing ranks. West Germany, NATO's newest member, wanted NATO support for its refusal to deal with East Germany and won a unanimous affirmation: "The council . . . considers the Federal Republic as the only German government freely and legitimately constituted and therefore entitled to speak for Germany."

Weakest Link. Examining their defense posture in the light of the new Russian challenge, the ministers reached a dismaying conclusion: a summer of relaxation has robbed NATO of much strength.

Theoretically, NATO maintains 48 divisions (v. Russia's 175). Actually, it can presently rely on only ten of them, of which five are U.S., four British. France has depleted its four divisions on the Rhine to crush the spreading revolt in North Africa. Britain is reducing its army by 100,000 men; Belgium is disbanding one of its three active divisions; four of the five Dutch divisions are mere skeletons. Denmark's contribution in soldiers is practically negligible, since its 14-month conscription period is too short to train a soldier properly.

The U.S. too came under the ministers' scrutiny and was found wanting. Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson admitted

that only 50% of the U.S.'s promised military aid had reached Europe so far this year, but pointed out that many regiments in the U.S. do not have as up-to-date equipment as NATO units. Altogether, the 15 nations are spending \$53 billion a year on defense. Western Europe's contribution: about \$8 billion.

Last summer, with the spirit of Geneva soaring, many an allied minister might have rationalized NATO's shortcomings on the optimistic ground that peace was just around the corner. But last week no one tried. Instead, in their brief two-day meeting, they addressed themselves to NATO's weakest link, air defense.

To replace the patchwork quilt of uncoordinated radar stations that is NATO's only air-warning system today, the ministers agreed to build a 14-nation radar screen and radio signal network stretching 3,500 miles from Norway to the easternmost tip of Turkey. NATO-land will be divided into four air-warning areas: Central Europe (with headquarters near Paris), Northern Europe (Oslo), Southern Europe (Naples), Great Britain (London). All four will be linked to SHAPE by the latest type of U.S. communications equipment, similar to that used in DEW, the joint U.S.-Canadian Distant Early Warning radar screen stretching from Alaska to Greenland.

Installation of this screen, warned NATO Supreme Commander Alfred M. Gruenther, will be "very expensive." The decision was a triumph for Gruenther and SHAPE because individual nations have previously refused to surrender control of their air warnings. "Today a radar operator in Norway could spot a flight of high level Soviet bombers," says one SHAPE official, "but by the time the news filtered

through two or three different national telephone systems, you wouldn't be able to see the Place de la Concorde for radioactive dust."

Arms v. Ideas. Next day NATO turned to the political and economic impact of Russia's new cold war offensive. The Soviet challenge in the Middle East, observed John Foster Dulles, is founded on Russia's capacity to export three surplus commodities: "Obsolescent arms, Soviet technicians and words." The West's best counter, he said, is not to compete in the same commodities, but to match Communist words with deeds; and in this kind of competition Dulles felt confident of winning, since Russia itself is economically a "deficit area."

Canada's Lester Pearson pressed hard for doing something about the all but ignored Article 2 of the Atlantic Treaty, calling for political, economic and military cooperation. Why not, he suggested, do more to fight the Russian threat with economic weapons? "NATO cannot endure permanently on fear alone," said Pearson.

In side meetings with Britain's Harold Macmillan and France's Antoine Pinay, Dulles reached final agreement to provide Egypt's Premier Nasser with an initial grant loan of \$70 million (the U.S. share: \$56 million) to start building the Aswan dam. Within hours of the Western offer, the Soviet ambassador to Cairo renewed Russia's offer to help build the dam but significantly omitted to name the amount the Kremlin would put up. Henceforth, the West will put more emphasis on dramatic commitments (such as the Aswan dam), hoping to match in propaganda value what the Russians have lately got from much smaller dole-outs.



Martin Harris, NATO

FOREIGN MINISTER PINAY & SECRETARY DULLES
After a summer's rot, a wintry resolve.

ISRAEL

Aggression in Galilee

On a black, rainy night last week, 300 heavily armed Israeli infantrymen converged stealthily on a network of five Syrian border strongpoints along the northeastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. One assault party landed from small boats, conceivably near the place where Jesus stood when He called to Peter and Andrew to abandon their nets. A second column forded the icy River Jordan and advanced by land up the coast. At the zero hour, a Syrian sentry cried out: "*Min hada* (Who is there)?" And the night answered with fire. The Israelis fell upon the 200 men in the strongpoints with grenades and Tommy guns at point-blank range.

The Syrians were caught so completely by surprise that three of their officers were killed before they could get up from a card game. The Syrians fought back savagely, nevertheless. The battle raged for two hours in and around their concrete pillboxes, barbed wire and connecting trenches, until they were finally overwhelmed. The Israelis then methodically destroyed every military installation in the area and withdrew before dawn with 30 prisoners. Said a tired, mud-spattered but jubilant Israeli soldier: "We gave them a lesson they won't forget for ages."

Ulfurior Motives. United Nations observers provisionally put the casualties at 41 Syrian dead, including a number of civilians who lived in a farming settlement in the combat zone. Cost to the Israelis: six dead, ten wounded.

The Israeli government made no bones of the fact that it had ordered the attack. Its official excuse for its aggression was that it was in retaliation for sporadic Syrian firing at Israeli fishermen in the Sea of Galilee. This was plainly only part of the story: not a single Israeli fisherman has been killed for a year; incidents on the Sea of Galilee make little stir even in the Israeli press. A likelier explanation was an attempt to convince the Syrians that their new military pact with Egypt might be more of a liability than an asset; and additionally to scare neighboring Lebanon out of joining the pact.

Shocked Friends. Whatever the explanation, many of Israel's best friends were shocked, especially in the U.S. Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York, speaking to 18,000 people at an Israeli bond-drive meeting in Madison Square Garden, warned Israel to "show restraint." The New York Times called the border raid "deplorable." The incident appeared likely to delay, if not to block, a favorable reply to Israel's request for U.S. arms to match Communist shipments to Egypt.

At a special session of the U.N. Security Council, ten nations, including both the U.S. and the Soviet Union, expressed sympathy for the Syrians. In Cairo, Premier Nasser talked of going to war against Israel, in the event of similar forays in the future against either Syria or Egypt.

In Israel itself, after the first satisfac-

tion, misgivings began to be heard. The independent newspaper *Haaretz* took note of the fact that the raid happened while Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett, a moderate, was out of the country, and accused tough-minded Premier David Ben-Gurion of an unconstitutional act in ordering the raid without consulting a single Cabinet member in advance. This, said *Haaretz*, "brought Israel dangerously close to dictatorship by the chief of government . . . How can Israel succeed in persuading the world that she resorts to force only when her security and integrity are at stake?"

UNITED NATIONS

New Members Day

Years of frustrated desires and months of delicate negotiations were concealed in a few paragraphs of turgid prose that lay before the eleven diplomats of the U.N. Security Council one day last week. Its title was Draft Resolution Doc. S-3502. Its fate rested with one man who sat, sad and misleadingly tranquil, behind the name plate of China.

Would Nationalist China defy the wishes of the majority of the U.N. General Assembly and use its Great Power veto to keep Outer Mongolia out of the U.N.—and with it 17 other countries? Or had the threats of its many enemies and the pleas of its few friends persuaded Nationalist China to soften its opposition to a bargain the rest of the world had tentatively struck with the Communists? Blinking like a mournful owl from behind his glasses, Nationalist Delegate T. F. Tsiang slowly delivered the Nationalists'

* Thirteen non-Communist nations: Austria, Cambodia, Ceylon, Finland, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Laos, Libya, Nepal, Portugal, Spain, Five Communist states: Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania and Outer Mongolia.



CHINA'S TSIANG
"I cannot do otherwise."

answer. "The peoples all over the world expect the United Nations to stand by its principles," he said. "When you base a proposition on a deal . . . an illegal and immoral deal . . . you are destroying that very moral prestige of the [United Nations]." Tsiang paused. "This is a difficult moment for me," he said, then in German repeated Martin Luther's defiant apology to the Reichstag in Worms in 1521: "I cannot do otherwise."

The Universal Theory. The sticking point, so far as the Chinese Nationalists were concerned, was the Russian insistence on Outer Mongolia, a Soviet puppet state carved out of the northern part of old China, and with few, if any, outward appearances of nationhood.

The Nationalists had been unmoved by the reminder that they themselves, back in the early post-Yalta days of 1946, were among the first and one of the few to recognize Outer Mongolian sovereignty. They had been equally unmoved by the surprisingly candid statement of Australia's Sir Percy Spender: "It is not principle with which we are concerned here but expedience—the expediency of inexorable political circumstances." They also had been unmoved by two personal appeals from President Eisenhower to Chiang Kai-shek, urging support for the notion of "universality" of U.N. membership.* But to the Nationalists, the logic of "universality" had nothing to do with fractions of Russia. And furthermore it might lead to the seating of Communist China.

In the next 20 minutes, the longest fusillade of vetoes in the U.N.'s veto-pocked history rent the Security Council. Tsiang, as promised, used China's veto for the first time. He vetoed Outer Mongolia, Russia's Arkady Sobolev, as he had warned, sprayed 15 vetoes at non-Communist candidates (including two South Korea and South Viet Nam, proposed only by Tsiang).

New Maneuver. The U.N. exploded with rancor and accusation. "Today we could have had 17 nations admitted to the U.N.," cried Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. of the U.S. "But the Soviet Union insisted on all or nothing." Russia's Arkady Sobolev accused the U.S. "The representative of the Kuomintang" did the U.S.'s "dirty work," he said. But the bulk of the recriminations fell, ironically, not on the nation that had just exercised the veto 15 times, but on the Nationalists' one veto. From the capitals of nations barred by Russia came resentful attacks on Formosa. Neutralists of the Afro-Asian bloc, led by India's mischief-making V. K. Krishna Menon, and some Latin Americans, talked out loud of unseating the Nationalists.

But the game was not yet over. Having shrewdly exposed the Chinese Nationalists

* Urged by John Foster Dulles in 1950, while Republican adviser to Secretary of State Dean Acheson, on the ground that "the U.N. will best serve the cause of peace if its Assembly is representative of what the world actually is, and not merely representative of the parts that we like."



RUSSIA'S SOBOLEV, BRITAIN'S DIXON, U.S.'S LODGE VOTING YES
They accepted the world as it is.

United Press

to severe resentment, the Russians pulled a dramatic new maneuver. The Soviet delegation asked for an emergency meeting of the Security Council, and there proposed the blanket admission of 16 of the 18 countries, leaving Japan and Outer Mongolia until later.

Cabot Lodge was plainly caught by surprise. So were the other Western delegates, though with the kind of hindsight a good diplomat is supposed to have beforehand, it might have been foreseen that the Russians also were under pressure: they could not go back to their satellites—Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania—and admit that Russia could not get them into the United Nations. The Council adopted the new Soviet plan with little ado.

Broken Jade. That night the General Assembly sat overtime and, to resounding cheers and florid oratory, ratified the Security Council's action. There were two final U.S.-inspired flurries in the Council to bring in Japan, but Russia disposed of these with two more vetoes (making Moscow's score 77 out of the 80 vetoes cast in the U.N.'s ten-year history). Thus in one dramatic turnabout, the U.N. swelled from 60 to 76 nations, and the balance within the world organization sharply altered. For the first time, all Europe was represented, save Switzerland and divided Germany. The Soviet bloc increased from five to nine members. Latin America, whose 20 votes have long swung inordinate weight, found some of its relative strength diminished, though the Latin Americans were all for the "package deal" in order to get in their ancestral countries, Spain, Portugal and Italy.

"The British gained a new member for the Commonwealth (Ceylon), but also had to accept the fact that the partition of Ireland will wave like a shillelagh in Assembly sessions to come. The Bandung bloc, dominated by the neutralist sentiment of India, Burma and Indonesia, was six members larger.

The final outcome diminished somewhat the resentment that had welled up against

the Chinese Nationalists. But the relief might be temporary. By maneuvering the Nationalists into a use of the all-powerful veto at a time when an increasing number of U.N. countries question both Formosa's right to have it and its very existence as a government, the Russians had loosened the supports that hold the Formosa government aloft as the U.N. representative of China. In the dustup over Outer Mongolia, the Formosan government had been weakly abandoned even by its most influential friend, the U.S.

Knowing all this, Chiang Kai-shek nonetheless was content with his stand. "I only did my duty as called for by righteousness," he told U.S. reporters at Taipei. The Formosans see themselves as having in the past year made many humiliating retreats under pressure (Tachens, Nanchi) because their powerful U.S. ally had the final say in military matters. But in the U.N., on the subject of Outer Mongolia, was a chance to make a stand, even in principled defiance of the U.S., and that defiance was a source of satisfaction. In Hong Kong an old Chinese proverb was quoted: "Better to be a broken piece of jade than a whole tile."

SPAIN

Safe from Democracy

As one of Europe's most durable dictators, Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco entertains a deep-seated distrust for the helter-skelter ways of democracy. Last week he made it plain that he wants none of it in Spanish Morocco.

"Precisely because we know and love the Moroccan people," said Franco, "we are in a better position to realize how disastrous it would be for their future and the attainment and preservation of their independence if the trickery and internal strife of political parties after the European model were transplanted to that territory." He added, "Nobody should be puzzled over why we should not want for the Moroccans something which is repugnant to ourselves."

JORDAN

To Join or Not to Join

Last week another Arab nation prepared to join the new anti-Communist Baghdad pact, but not without the kind of scuffling in the streets that so often passes for soul-searching in the Middle East. The prospective new member is the poor desert state of Jordan, which is under the wing (but not the thumb) of Great Britain.

Britain sent its top soldier, General Sir Gerald Templer, to Jordan with a tempting proposition: if Jordan would join the Baghdad pact, with Turkey, Pakistan, Iran and Iraq, Britain would boost its aid program (currently \$24 million a year), replace the present Anglo-Jordanian treaty with a new one more favorable to Jordan, and increase the size and armored strength of Jordan's British-trained Arab Legion, whose 20,000 men are the best Arab troops in the Middle East.

Templer's diplomacy worked well enough to win over some of Jordan's leaders, including 20-year-old (Harrow, '51-'52) King Hussein. Last week Premier Said el Muftri and four Cabinet members who opposed the pact resigned, and the King promptly appointed a new Cabinet headed by a young (36) lawyer, Hazza el Majali. The new government was ready to accept Templer's package proposals, but first it had to survive a tough test of its authority, mainly among the country's half million destitute Arab refugees from Israel, who are easily inflamed to violence. The way to stir up such mobs is to identify the Baghdad pact with the West, to identify the West with Israel, and then to stir up hatred of Israel.

Serious trouble erupted next day throughout the nation after the noon prayers in the mosques. Worshipers came storming forth, crying epithets against the Baghdad pact and the U.S., attacked emergency patrols of the Arab Legion with sticks and stones. A tight censorship closed down over the capital city of Amman, but some details got out. In the Arab half of Jerusalem, the U.S. consulate was sur-

rounded and stoned, while the wives and children of the U.S. staff huddled in the safest place in the buildings: the stone-walled lavatories. At week's end El Majali's new government was still in control, but at least 40 people had been killed, some 300 arrested, and mobs were still milling in the streets.

WEST GERMANY

The Returncoat

At the check point between East and West Berlin, the blue Ford sedan of Danish Newspaperman Henrik Bonde-Henriksen was too well known to draw the special attention of the Communist police. Seated beside him as he drove through one evening last week was a man puffing furiously at a pipe, his hat pulled down over his eyes. The guard waved them on. Otto John, onetime head of West Germany's counter-espionage organization, was on his way back to the West.

At a critical moment in the EDC debate 17 months earlier, John had stunned the West by defecting to the Communists. Later, at an East Berlin press conference, he had charged that the Nazis were taking over the West German Republic, and accused the U.S. of creating a "hysterical fear psychosis." John had given no sign that he was under duress. Said a newsman: "Not a single person who attended the conference left with any doubt that his defection was voluntary."

Ten Years After. The most charitable explanation of John's conduct was that he was laboring under some kind of perverted patriotism or pique. In 1944 John had been a member of the famous Von Stauffenberg conspiracy to kill Hitler. When the plot failed, John's brother was shot; John himself fled to England. Many Germans regarded John as a traitor for joining the British when Germany was fighting for her life. The U.S. and West German intelligence agencies did not trust him. Largely at British insistence, he got the secret-service job.

In West Berlin, on the tenth anniversary of the attempt on Hitler's life, John met with a bunch of his old "resistance" pals to celebrate. Later that night he had taken a taxi to the house of Dr. Wolfgang ("Wowo") Wohlgemuth, an old friend—as well as a suspected Communist. Together they had been seen driving into East Berlin.

Tell, Tell, Tell. After surrendering himself to the West German police last week, John was held in close custody, but Correspondent Bonde-Henriksen had a world scoop. Otto John's story, according to Bonde-Henriksen, was that he had visited Wowo that night to "get some support for a widow of an executed anti-Nazi underground leader," and had been persuaded to go to his other flat in West Berlin. . . . "I woke up two days later in Karlshorst [Russian army headquarters]. A female doctor was sitting at my bedside and . . . I got one injection and later on another, and I didn't feel clear in my mind . . . Right after the conference with the world press, I was flown to Moscow

and was held in custody for two weeks. They kept asking me questions all the time . . . I didn't betray any secrets, but of course I had to tell, to tell, to tell. I have never been very good at remembering names, and in that I was very lucky."

In Bonn (where there is a treason charge standing against him), Otto John's story of drugged kidnapping and clever fencing with the MVD interrogators was deemed altogether too romantic. The West, having had time to take stock of his defection, had found the loss to Western intelligence less than expected. Strictly concerned with operations inside West Germany, he had had few intelligence secrets to tell the Russians. His propaganda value exhausted, the Communists had given him less and less to do, plainly



OTTO JOHN

A case for psychiatry, not politics.

showing that they also distrusted traitors.

How West Germany now felt about him could be judged by the way Konrad Adenauer broke the news to his Cabinet: "I have a little news here that will amuse you . . ." Said Opposition Socialist Leader Erich Ollenhauer: "The John affair is a case for the psychiatrists rather than for the politicians."

GREAT BRITAIN

Housekeeper for a Crusade

Clem Attlee was gone, and in the chair as deputy leader glumly sat the usually perky, 67-year-old Herbert Morrison. All his life he had worked to occupy that chair in his own right, as leader of the Labor Party. Last week his mouth was set as he directed the reading of the ballots.

As the Labor M.P.s listened in tense silence, the teller read out: "There voted for Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, 157; Mr. Aneurin Bevan, 70." In third place, with a humiliating 40 votes, was old Herbert Morrison, who only two years ago was recognized as Attlee's likely successor.

There was a momentary burst of applause for Gaitskell the winner, which quickly fell into a painful silence at the sight of Morrison's stricken look. The man who had helped shape British Socialism for 35 years had been rejected by his colleagues with a derisory handful of votes in favor of a man who was a newly elected M.P. when Morrison was Deputy Prime Minister. "It was the most terrible experience of my political life," said one Labor M.P. later. "It was like watching a man being beaten to death and knowing that we were nearly every one guilty."

Silently, Morrison rose from the chair and gestured to Gaitskell. Embarrassed and flushed himself, Hugh Gaitskell moved along the platform to take the chair. Morrison took Gaitskell's empty seat and stared straight ahead.

Lost Leader. In the moment of his triumph, Gaitskell turned to Herbert Morrison and spoke in tones of warm and genuine regret. Morrison had announced he would resign as deputy leader if he lost. Earnestly, Gaitskell begged him to change his mind: the party needed him. Morrison shook his head.

When Morrison got to his feet a few minutes later, his tone was not that of the cocky cockney veteran of 30 years in the House. How could he carry on as deputy leader, he demanded bitterly, after the party had rejected him; how could he "face the jeers of the Tories?" Nearly overcome, he turned to Gaitskell and asked: "May I be permitted to leave this meeting?" Head bowed, he stepped down from the platform and made his way to the door. Moved by a single impulse, every Laborite rose to his feet and stood in silence—as if at a funeral. Outside, Morrison brushed blindly through a crowd of waiting reporters and disappeared into the shadows of the lobby.

Labor's new leader turned to his chief rival. "Let bygones be bygones," said Gaitskell. Aneurin Bevan smiled and pledged his support. But there was no jubilation; no one headed for the bar to celebrate. They had rejected Bevan because he was too unreliable and would "frighten the country off us." Sadly they had rejected Morrison because he had become too old during the long years as Crown Prince. Gaitskell had been chosen in cold rationalism, not hot enthusiasm.

Tentative Answers. Once the Socialists were a fierce and demanding minority, and cried injustice from housetop and street corner. The comfortable feared them. Gaitskell represents a new generation. He is no militant. He never talked himself hoarse on windy street corners under a policeman's hostile eye (as did Morrison), or chewed tobacco against the pit dust (as did Bevan). But 30 years after, Labor was in the position of having won its crusade. Once the citadel is stormed, the need is not for happy warriors but a good housekeeper; the welfare state needs to be run, not won. Successful British politics today consists in capturing the middle, and Hugh Gaitskell, more than any other Labor leader, is fitted for that appeal (see box). He has little interest in

the panacea of nationalization long urged by Bevan. For him Socialism is a matter of fair shares and equal opportunity. And as much as any Laborite, Gaitskell shares Winston Churchill's conviction that the safety of the free world depends on the firm friendship of the U.S. and Britain.

Last week Britain gratefully received Labor's choice, "Aneurin Bevan is a rousing one-man band," wrote the Laborite *Daily Mirror*. "But the leader of a party must be the conductor of a massive orchestra." From the far Tory right came an echoing chorus. Gaitskell, wrote Journalist Randolph Churchill (see PRESS), is "a first-class politician of patriotism and ambition. He has political guts, and merit. Let us salute him."

Men Only

Though often too polite to mention it, many an American returns from Britain convinced that in some of London's best circles homosexuals are as common as sin and nearly as popular. Even the British have lately gotten around to discussing homosexuality in such matters as the Burgess and MacLean case. Recently, Parliament itself asked the British Medical Association to appoint an eleven-man committee of doctors and psychiatrists to advise on how the laws concerning homosexuality might be changed. Last week the *British Medical Journal* printed a summary of the committee's report. It was a shocker.

Cases of homosexual offenses recorded by the police, said the report, have increased more than eight times since 1930. "If undetected acts are increasing in the same proportion as the detected ones," said the committee, "the position is most disquieting." The board's coldly stated estimate: active homosexuals in Britain constitute between two and three per cent of the adult male population—or roughly about 500,000 men.

If Parliament wants to ease the law to permit homosexual relations between consenting adult males (as the intellectual weeklies have been urging), the committee raised no objection, as long as these affairs are conducted in privacy. Generally, the committee found that homosexuals should be regulated legally only 1) to protect the young from seduction, 2) when they disturbed the public order, as by soliciting and importuning, or made a public spectacle of themselves, as "the behavior and appearance of homosexuals congregating blatantly in public houses and restaurants are an outrage to public decency."

But a social problem of a different order, the committee pointed out, is the homosexuals' "alleged tendency to place their loyalty to one another above their loyalty to the institution or government they serve, and on the part of homosexuals in positions of authority to give preferential treatment to homosexuals, or to require homosexual subjection as expedient for promotion." In this connection, it added bluntly, "the existence of practicing homosexuals in the Church, Parliament, the Civil Service, the Armed Forces . . . constitutes a special problem."

LABOR'S NEW LEADER

Successor to Clement Attlee as leader of Britain's Labor Party and a future Prime Minister if Labor should return to power:
Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell.

KEMBLEY



Born: April 9, 1906, the younger of two sons, in London. His mother was Scottish, his father an English official in the colonial service. Young Hugh spent his first years shuttling with a nanny between England and Burma.

Education: The best Britain provides—private prep school, Winchester, then New College, Oxford, where he took first-class honors in "Modern Greats" (politics, philosophy, economics) and first developed an interest in Socialism. During the General Strike of 1926, other students swarmed off to man buses or unload ships; Hugh got himself a union card and distributed the strikers' newspapers. When a fond aunt offered to subsidize him in an army career, Hugh replied: "My future belongs to the working class."

Academic Career: After graduation, took a poorly paid job lecturing to coal miners for the Workers' Educational Association. In 1928 became teacher of economics at London University, department head in 1938.

Political Career: Ran unsuccessfully for Parliament in 1935. When World War II began, entered government service. At the Board of Trade under Hugh Dalton, he rationed Britain's coal, regulated its retail prices. At war's end, despite a coronary thrombosis which prevented him from campaigning, was elected to Parliament with a 10,000-vote majority.

Postwar Career: His rise was meteoric. In less than two years he was Minister of Fuel and Power, responsible for nationalizing Britain's coal mines. (Urging fewer baths to conserve coal, he once joked: "Personally, I've never had a great many hot baths myself. Anyway, what's underneath isn't seen by anybody.") In 1950 he became Minister for Economic Affairs,

then Chancellor of the Exchequer when ailing Stafford Cripps resigned. Forced to find the money for rearmament in his first budget, he courageously slashed expenses of the welfare state, imposed charges for spectacles and false teeth under the health service—the decision which led to the rebellion of Aneurin Bevan and launched their enmity. Bevan calls Gaitskell "a desiccated calculating machine"; Gaitskell thinks Bevan an irresponsible demagogue.

Personal Life: An Anglican, he is married to tiny, dark, vivacious Dora Creditor Frost, a divorcee of Russian-Jewish descent. They live modestly in a twelve-room house in Hampstead, rent five rooms to a tenant. They have two teen-age daughters, one son by Mrs. Gaitskell's first marriage. Gaitskell has blue eyes and pale red hair, loves parties, likes to dance. "My dancing is notorious," he admits. In Parliament, he is sharp, often witty, but occasionally suffers from a tendency to lecture his colleagues like the economics professor he is. He disdains back-room political intrigue, is usually surrounded by a few young, admiring economists.

Views: Very early, he decided that the working classes succeed only in alliance with the middle class. He does not think in Marxian terms of class warfare, has incurred the enmity of the far left by demanding the expulsion of Communists from union leadership. Says he: "I want to see a society of equal men and women. I want everyone to have the opportunity of developing his personality to the full; I want fellowship and fraternity and I want to see these things achieved by democracy . . . These to me are Socialist ideas. Nationalization to me is a means, not an end."

This remark thudded into an appalled silence all over Britain.

The committee found some war notes of consolation: 1) "The incidence of homosexual practices is probably not sufficiently high to have a really appreciable effect on the marriage and birth rate"; 2) the Kinsey report estimated that 10% of the U.S. adult male population were "exclusively homosexual for at least three years of their adult life. It is believed by the committee that if a similar study were made here, the incidence would be found to be much below the U.S. figure."

COMMUNISTS

Cool Welcome

Afghanistan, ancient home of an untamed and fierce race, has cold winters and a cold heart for invaders from the north. From as far back as recollection goes—to the Scythians, the Kushans, the White Huns, the Mongols of Genghis Khan and the Tatars of Tamerlane—only woe has come from across the River Oxus to the high plateaus and valleys where 12 million Afghans ride their horses and camels, herd their flocks, fight their feuds

and tend their bazaars. The instinctive memory of it blew like a cooling wind across preparations for Afghanistan's latest invasion from the north, the visit of those part-time nomads, Nikolai Bulganin and Nikita Khrushchev.

The Afghans have been depending on the Russians for essential supplies and increasing economic aid since last July, when Pakistan shut down the Khyber Pass over a territorial dispute with Afghanistan. But the family that governs Afghanistan (through King Mohammed Zahir Shah and his strong-willed brother-in-law, Prime Minister Sardar Mohammed Daoud Khan) took special precautions against too conspicuous a welcome to the northerners. Few flags or banners were hung in Kabul's streets. The public was not told of the coming visit, and the government did not even confide to foreign embassies what day the Russians would arrive.

Swarms in Bazaars. Strongman Daoud was aware that his strict Moslem people might be tempted to rash acts by their religious hostility to Communism, by the tales told by the constant stream of refugees from nearby Russian Turkistan, and by the age-old assumption among Afghans that anything to the north is barbaric. As arrival day approached, the bazaars swarmed with secret police, who questioned strangers and put suspicious persons under house arrest for the duration of the Russians' visit. Along the three-mile route from the airport into the capital, families were warned that any untoward incident might bring death to every member of the household.

When the Soviet ambassador suggested to Foreign Minister Sardar Mohammed Naim Khan (a younger brother of the Premier) that Bulganin and Khrushchev might like to address a big public meeting or two, Naim replied that the Afghan winter was too cold for the distinguished guests to stand in the open for long. "Oh," replied the Soviet ambassador, "our leaders are accustomed to cold."

To help prepare them for the cold, Stephen Baldanza, public-affairs officer in the U.S. embassy in Kabul, had an audacious idea. He invited about 60 Afghan government officials, including four Cabinet members, to a dinner party. When dinner was over the lights went out, and a State Department motion picture entitled *My Latvia* was shown to the surprised guests. It was a chilling documentary of the Russians' rape of Latvia in the 1940s, based in part on films smuggled out since. The guests left in stunned silence, except for one who drew Baldanza aside, and said: "I am glad someone had the courage to do this. It may open some closed eyes." Baldanza had delivered a shrewd, if blunt, propaganda blow at a time when Premier Daoud is hoping to make important deals with his omnivorous neighbor to the north, confident that he won't be swallowed up.

Pomegranate Toasts. At last the Russian leaders arrived, a day late because of bad weather. As the plane touched down,



AFGHANISTAN'S DAUD
Only woe from across the Oxus.

a voice over the street-corner loudspeakers ordered all shops in Kabul closed. The public was herded onto one side of the street, and troops stood on the other, facing the crowd with rifles on their shoulders. Russia's Prime Minister and the Communist Party boss were greeted with almost complete silence as they rolled into the city along a two-mile stretch of asphalt highway completed only the day before with Soviet materials and equipment.

At a formal state banquet there were toasts in pomegranate juice, and Marshal Bulganin eagerly grasped the chance to align Russia behind Afghanistan in its quarrel with the West's good friend, Pakistan. He had already noisily sided with India against Pakistan's claims to Kashmir. Now he insisted that it was only just for some 6,000,000 Pathan tribesmen and their hill country in West Pakistan should be severed from Pakistan, turned into the state of Pakhtoonistan and joined with the Afghan state. Premier Daoud appeared delighted.

Yes, There Is No Santa

Before dropping in on Afghanistan, Bolsheviks Bulganin and Khrushchev made their farewells to India, concluding one of the teacup-shattering diplomatic expeditions of all time. The Russians got together with their host, Prime Minister Nehru, to compose a joint communiqué. Khrushchev wanted to throw a few final dishes at the Western powers, but Neutralist Nehru was all for throwing only the soggy tea bags.

Nehru won. In their final statement, phrased in comparatively soft Nehruvian language, Russia and India jointly espoused the Indian leader's "five principles

of coexistence." 2) urged the surrender to the Chinese Communists of the island of Formosa, and Peking admission to the U.N. 3) called for prohibition of nuclear weapons (without mention of inspection or other safeguards). In an accompanying agreement, the Russians promised to sell oil-producing and mining equipment and steel to India, and to "increase substantially" its purchases from India.

But Khrushchev was not to be denied one final crockery fling. He called a last-minute "press conference" (no questions allowed) to make up for Nehru's refusal to talk tough, and startled Indian reporters by claiming, in effect, that the Bolsheviks had invented Nehru's "five principles," by serving notice that Russia intends to continue to "produce atomic and hydrogen weapons," and by striking out once again at the "rotten colonial system" that resists India's claims to Goa and Kashmir.

"I am leaving a part of my heart here," cried Nikita Khrushchev. Said Nehru in a cautious goodbye: "Friendship between India and the Soviet Union should not be construed to mean that we are drifting away from any other friendly country."

After the Russians left, Indian officials, headline writers and editorialists tried to piece together their impressions. There were still some mutterings at the way Khrushchev had violated diplomatic niceties and often talked beyond the Indian government to rabble-rouse the crowds against the West. But even the most caustic critics now felt pretty complacent about the whole thing.

Said the *Hindustan Standard*, which only days before had been insisting that Nehru "correct" some of Khrushchev's assertions: "The visit ended on a quiet note of mutual satisfaction. Fears have been thoroughly dispelled. We have not become fellow travelers." As for some of Khrushchev's crude antics: "The Western powers asked for trouble." And, added the *Standard*, as for the absence of some of the big Soviet aid grants that many Indians had been hoping for: "No Soviet version of an American Santa Claus appears on the scene, and it is better so."

CYPRUS

Thorns Among the Laurels

By night, British troops assembled at their stations in Cyprus' major towns, and, at the appointed moment, swept into the homes and newspaper offices of Cyprus' leading Communists. Among the more than 150 arrested were the party's boss, a onetime London milkman named Ezekias Papaioannou, and the Communist mayors of two of Cyprus' biggest towns. At the same hour, Governor Sir John Harding announced the outlawing of the Communist Party on Cyprus.

That was not the end but the beginning of another violent week on Britain's strife-torn island colony. Archbishop Makarios III, bearded marshal of Greek-Cypriot agitation for union with Greece, has repeatedly insisted that he would have no

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part of 1) Communists, 2) bloodshed. Last week his position on both counts was in doubt. After the crackdown on Communists, the archbishop spoke up to "denounce the action of the British government." Said he: "We believe one ideology can be fought only by another . . . not by force."*

Next day the first use of force was not British but Greek-Cypriot. An army jeep was ambushed and its driver slain. British Major Brian Coombe grabbed a Sten gun and fought off the attackers, taking two wounded prisoners and killing one man. The dead terrorist had had a \$14,000 price on his head and a distinguished relative: he was a cousin of Archbishop Makarios III.

At his cousin's funeral, His Beatitude did not speak but stood attentively while the Bishop of Citium intoned, "Cyprus crowns its heroic child, who sacrificed his life, with laurel leaves of admiration and myrtle leaves of grief." By British order, the funeral procession was limited to 50 mourners. Cypriots got around that restriction by having a band of "mourners" follow a decoy hearse down Nicosia's main street, thus diverting British police, who sprayed them with tear gas, while hundreds of Cypriots trooped down a back street to the cemetery with the real body.

ALGERIA

Revolt of the Fellagha

In the gleaming marble offices of the Governor General in Algiers, a French official fended off newsmen: "But there is no war in Algeria." At first sight, the evidence supported him. In Algiers' sidewalk cafés, French *colons* sipped their Pernods, while in the gutters, Arab urchins drowsily peddled postcards. But as night fell over the *casbah*, shots rang out in Algiers and in every other big city in the country. In eleven months, Algerian terrorists killed 457 Frenchmen and 505 pro-French Arabs, wounded close to 1,000.

Dwarfing the Mau Mau. The killers call themselves *fellagha* (outlaws). They are nationalists-turned-terrorists, who are fast transforming France's most prized colony (technically a part of metropolitan France) into its greatest colonial hazard. In the first nine days of December, in the single *département* of Constantine, they stormed five towns and villages, shot up six others, burned 34 houses, farms and schools, chopped down 2,244 vines and fruit trees belonging to French *colons*, destroyed 458 farm animals, killed or wounded 46 French soldiers, 49 civilians. Last week they ambushed a French armored column and killed 16 soldiers.

French revenge is efficient. So far this year, the French army in Algeria has killed 2,200 suspected *fellagha*. Yet far from being stamped out, the *fellagha* revolt is spreading. It has long since dwarfed the Mau Mau war in Kenya; it



Robert Cohen—AGIP
GOVERNOR GENERAL SOUSTELLE
To fight and yet befriend.

now threatens France with another Indo-China, this time in Europe's backyard.

State of Siege. At 1 a.m. on Nov. 1, 1954, the *fellagha* revolt began. At that moment, across Algeria, some 30 *fellagha* bands fell on the nearest French settlements and slit the *colons'* throats. The French sent armored columns to smash the *fellagha*, and the revolt seemed to fizzle out. Prefect Pierre Dupuch of the huge Constantine *département* announced that he had 8,000 troops and with 8,000 more could clean up the entire revolt.

Last week Prefect Dupuch had 80,000 French troops in action in his *département*. He said he needed 80,000 more. Fully one-third of Algeria north of the Sahara was in a state of siege. Stations, tent camps, truck parks and supply dumps were cordoned in barbed wire and surrounded by steel watchtowers. The road to Batna, metropolis of the Aurès Mountains, was strewn with sabotaged telegraph poles and bloated dead cattle.

Marksmen Without Mortars. The revolt that the French refuse to call a war has driven hundreds of French settlers from the irrigated farms they had carved out in the Algerian hills, closed down mines and quarries, converted scores of villages into sandbagged strongpoints. It has sucked into Algeria over 200,000 French troops, including the best part of France's NATO divisions, and the bulk of the colonial army now being brought home from South Viet Nam. By contrast, the *fellagha's* armed strength is less than 10,000 men, possibly less than 5,000. They have no mortars, no artillery, no radios, no armored vehicles. Some *fellagha* are armed with rifles and Tommy guns, but most have only knives. Lacking explosives, they use axes to chop down telegraph posts; lacking ammunition, some have been known to attack French strongpoints with spears and clubs.

The *fellagha* operate at night in bands of 12 to 15, hiding in the caves or the deep cork forests by day. "They are naturally beautiful fighters," says Pierre Galuzot, a lieutenant in the Foreign Legion. "They are tougher than the Viet Minh Communists; they are the best marksmen I have ever fought against."

Hate in the Heart. The *fellagha* rely heavily on the passive support and protection of Algeria's 8,000,000 Moslems. France has done great things for the Algerian people in public health and economic development; yet nearly 1,000,000 are unemployed, and only one in five of their children can go to school. The Algerians suffer from bitter poverty (which is not necessarily France's fault) and bitter discrimination (which they do blame on the French).

The French maintain that "Algeria is France" and, on paper, admit Algerians to full citizenship (with voting rights for 15 Deputies in the French National Assembly). Yet Algerians are no longer beguiled by the notion that they are Frenchmen. "We are only French when they want us to fight or die for them," said a bitter young Constantine Arab. "When we need a job, we're not French; when we fight for our freedom, we're not French but bloodthirsty fanatics. Once we loved the French like brothers, and many of us hated to turn against them. But now they have put hate into our hearts."

Pacification & Punishment. French official policy is to exorcise the hate and, at the same time, crush the revolt by "neither repression nor abandonment, but pacification." In practice, this means that French Governor General Jacques Soustelle, a Gaullist and professional anthropologist, is trying to do two things at once: fight a punitive war against the elusive terrorists and at the same time regain the villagers' confidence by demonstrating "the presence, power and benevolence of France." The benevolence is the job of some 260 specially trained French officers, sent out with a corporals' guard to the disaffected areas with orders to start public works and public-health programs, recruit a local militia. "Eighty percent of the natives just want to be protected from trouble," said one young district officer in the Aurès Mountains. "So long as they believe that we're here to stay in strength, they will not support the *fellagha*."

First reports suggest that benevolence is working in a few well-guarded areas. Governor Soustelle's comment: "We must go further." Soustelle hopes to hold Algerian elections next summer (if Paris allows him to) and to discuss a permanent settlement with the more moderate Arab leaders. Yet, as in all French North Africa, Algeria's 1,000,000 French *colons* are terrified that home rule will submerge them under the votes of 8,000,000 Algerian Arabs. To reassure the *colons* (and their powerful backers in France), Soustelle announced last week: "We should never have lost Indo-China. We will hold on to North Africa."

* He also called the British "barbarians" for searching Greek Orthodox monasteries, where they found one pistol-packing monk.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Too Much Hospitality

The good-will visit of Uruguay's President Luis Batlle Berres to the U.S. ran so smoothly early last week that it almost seemed to be proceeding without human effort or strain. There was an easygoing chat with President and Mrs. Eisenhower in Washington, a busy schedule of informal talks and formal parties in Boston, and a quick flight to Chicago. But during pre-dinner cocktails on Battle Berres' first evening there, it was suddenly and painfully shown just how much human effort had gone into the trip. While holding (but not yet drinking) a Scotch-and-water, he fainted, showed symptoms of internal hemorrhage, and was rushed to a hospital, where doctors diagnosed a gastrointestinal disorder, aggravated by extreme exhaustion. The medicos said that his general condition was excellent, but prescribed several days' complete rest.

Probably the most relaxed part of the whole trip was the tea break with the Eisenhowers at the White House. It was scheduled for half an hour, but the chief executives and their ladies exchanged gifts (an antique dueling pistol for Ike, an Uruguayan nutria lap robe for Mrs. Eisenhower, framed photographs of the Eisenhowers and a bust of George Washington for the visitors), enjoyed themselves so thoroughly that an hour slipped by. Then Battle Berres hopped a plane for a Boston dinner date, spent the next two days being fêted at breakfasts, luncheons and dinners and talking about boosting sales of Uruguayan wool to New England mills.

Looking back at his hectic travels from the dead calm of a comfortable hospital bed and a milk-and-cream diet, Battle Berres had a philosophical thought on U.S. hospitality: "Everywhere I went," he smiled, "people gave me Scotch and water. I had to go to the hospital to find out how good this country's milk is."

COLOMBIA

Going Strong

Chatty and smiling, President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla last week made a confident reply to his critics, who now include six of Colombia's seven living ex-Presidents, some from Rojas' own Conservative Party and others from the opposition Liberals. The general complaint: Rojas' increasingly harsh measures, e.g., closing down the respected Bogotá daily *El Tiempo* last August, are turning Colombia into an out-and-out military dictatorship, and costing the government heavily in prestige. Rojas' answer, made in an impromptu speech at the opening of an exhibit of public works: "I ask myself how the government can be losing prestige? Formerly Liberal governments persecuted Conservatives and many Conservative authorities persecuted Liberals, while today every Colombian knows—morning, noon and

night—that the armed forces vigilantly guard his life, his honor and his property." Critics of this state of affairs, he said, were "intellectual guerrillas."

That sort of army-knows-best paternalism embarrasses and angers many Colombians, who recall the country's free, self-governing past. But few would deny that things are at least better than they were 2½ years ago, and that confident General Rojas is firmly in power.

Rojas has kept the support of his army officers with hefty pay raises, gifts of TV sets and cars, and post-exchange stores that sell at wholesale prices everything from Paris lingerie to U.S. food-freezers. And the opposing politics of both parties are, by long tradition, well-bred, cultured,



PRESIDENT ROJAS PINILLA
Morning, noon and night.

Foto Sody

often wealthy men, not prone to lead revolutionary to the barricades. Admitted one: "If you gave me 50,000 men, I still would not know how to capture the presidential palace."

Rojas has other strengths. Colombia's economic health is good; the cost of living has remained stable for a year, and the country's major crop, coffee, selling at a satisfactory 62¢ a lb., should bring in a fat \$500 million this year. Rojas' public works, depicted in pictures, maps and models at the exhibit he opened last week, are impressive: pipelines, airports, irrigation projects, and badly needed roads.

The Roman Catholic Church supports Rojas, and was pleased when he recently invited it to speed up its work of organizing labor unions. Washington's attitude, too, is friendly.

The overall result, most foreign observers believe, is that Rojas at present is not popular—but not hated. Some think that if he relaxed his harsher measures,

notably the six-year-old state-of-siege under which he rules by decree, he could even win back the genuine popularity of his first hopeful months.

Church v. Schools

The American high schools in the Colombian cities of Bogotá, Barranquilla and Cali, run by U.S. and Colombian Protestants, are among the country's best. But henceforth, Roman Catholic parents who send children to the American schools will be liable to excommunication. Crisanto Cardinale Luque warned them of the church's extreme penalty in a pastoral letter read last week to Colombia's 11 million Catholics.

The enrollment of the four schools was about half Catholic a year ago. Then the Ministry of Education, which is outrightly sympathetic to the religion of the Colombian majority, ordered all non-Catholic schools to provide their Catholic students with religious instructors jointly chosen by the government and the church. The instructors would have the right to scrutinize textbooks and teaching methods. Rather than comply, the American schools decided to accept only non-Catholic applicants, and sadly braced themselves for a big sag in registrations. Instead, more students than ever applied, some whimsically describing themselves as "Independents" or "Buddhists." The cardinal's warning was his answer—but applications went on unabated.

ARGENTINA

The Resistance

Lights burned late in government offices last week as President Pedro Aramburu and his military advisers checked over the intelligence reports on a plot against them; then the officers acted. Cops and Marines burst into a meeting in La Plata, a meat-packing city 35 miles southeast of Buenos Aires, and arrested some 50 persons. Among them were General Heracleo Ferrazano and Colonel Norberto Ugolini, a pair of cashed-off officers, who, loyal to ex-Strongman Juan Perón, fought off insurrectionists at the Rio Santiago naval base during last September's successful anti-Perón revolution. Police followed up by questioning between 400 and 500 other known Peronistas.

The tipped plot was a forceful reminder that there are plenty of ardent Peronistas left in Argentina. Propaganda-wise, they pass around pro-Perón leaflets, spread rumors that the revolutionary government is about to fall, shout jingles in the streets: "*Ladrón o no ladrón, queremos a Perón* [Thief or not, we want Perón]!" Revolution-wise, they seem to limit themselves so far to sabotage, even in last week's plotting. Squads of Peronistas, called "Resistance Commandos," are blamed for several recent attempts to wreck trains and for a series of spectacular fires on the Buenos Aires waterfront.

CANADA

Time for a Change?

Is Canada's Liberal Party slipping? Two recent by-election defeats (TIME, Nov. 7) showed up Liberal weak spots in New Brunswick and Ontario. Last week there was evidence that the weakness may be spreading elsewhere in the party that has governed Canada continuously since 1935. For the third time in five months, the Gallup poll indicated a decline in the Liberals' share of the popular vote. The Liberal proportion now stands at 46%, lowest since the 1953 general election. Said the Gallup poll report: "The shift is consistent enough to constitute a trend."

The trend away from the Liberals is clearly toward the Tories. The strength of the minority CCF (socialist) and Social Credit Parties has remained fairly constant in the past six months, but the voters' preference for the Tories has risen from 26% in June to 32% today. Most encouraging from the Tory standpoint is the poll's evidence of a 22% increase in Tory popularity in Ontario and a 17% gain in Quebec, good signs that the party is making its greatest headway in the two big provinces where federal election campaigns are lost and won.

Wheat & Butter

Off and on for the past year, Canadian politicians have protested loudly about U.S. wheat exports, angrily claiming that U.S. "giveaways" and bargain-price wheat deals were ruining Canada's foreign markets. Last week Canadians found themselves on the receiving end of a similar blast. New Zealand filed an official protest in Ottawa against the dumping of low-priced Canadian butter in Europe, where it is underselling New Zealand butter by 10¢ a lb.

Canada has made two butter deals in the past few months to export some 9,000,000 lbs. to Czechoslovakia and East Germany. These were not exactly giveaways, but it was no secret that the deals were uneconomic; the selling price was 39¢ and 40¢ a lb., one-third less than the support price that the Canadian government pays to the farmers. What hurt the New Zealanders was that they had been selling butter to Czechoslovakia at 50¢, and making a profit, until the cut-price Canadian butter greased the skids under their market.

Canadian officials tried manfully to defend their embarrassing position. For one thing, they protested that they were unaware that Czechoslovakia was a New Zealand butter customer. Then Canadian Agriculture Minister James Gardiner explained that since such a comparatively small amount of butter was involved, the matter was unimportant. "This is nothing like the wheat situation," said Gardiner. "We've only got about 10 or 12 million lbs. of butter that we don't need, and we're prepared to take a lower price for it." That was entirely correct—and it was virtually the same explanation that the U.S. gave Canada for underselling Canadian wheat.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

With bedlam in his mind and a quaint profusion of fresh cauliflower in his Rolls-Royce limousine, Spanish-born Surrealist Painter **Salvador Dali** arrived at Paris' Sorbonne University to unburden himself of some gibberish. His subject: "Phenomenological Aspects of the Critical Paranoiac Method." Some 2,000 ecstatic listeners were soon sharing Salvador's Dalirium. Planting his elbows on a lecture table strewn with bread crumbs, Dali blandly explained: "All emotion comes to me through the elbow." Then he announced his latest finding in critical paranoia. The gamy meat of it: "Everything departs from the rhinoceros horn! Everything departs from [Dutch Master] Jan Vermeer's *The Lacemaker*! Everything ends up in the cauliflower!" The rub, apologized Dali, is that cauliflowers are too small to prove this theory conclusively.

Actress **Ingrid Bergman**, 39, signed up with 20th Century-Fox studio to do the title role in a film version of the Broadway hit *Anastasia* (TIME, Jan. 10). The movie will not be shot in the U.S., Ingrid's adopted homeland until 1949, when she left to star in the film *Stromboli* ("Raging Island, Raging Passions"), deserted her surgeon husband for Italian Director **Roberto Rossellini** on the raging Mediterranean island, later married little Roberto's proud papa.

In the Pennsylvania town of Concordville, lanky, redheaded **Colin P. ("Corky") Kelly III**, 15, son of one of the first American heroes of World War II, was promoted to Eagle Scout, got a peck of congratulations from his pretty

mother, now Mrs. J. Watson Pedlow. In 1941, soon after heroic Army Air Corps Captain **Colin P. Kelly Jr.** ordered his crew to hit the silk and then crashed in his crippled B-17 bomber on Luzon, President Roosevelt penned a request to "The President of the United States in 1956." F.D.R. asked that the airman's infant son get a West Point appointment as a nation's thanks for Captain Kelly's valor. Boy Scout Kelly is now undecided whether to set his sights on West Point or the new Air Academy.

Mellowing (49) Singer **Josephine Baker**, onetime (circa 1927) light-brown toast of Paris when she danced without wraps at the Folies-Bergère, was far past her spicy past. At her 460-acre estate near Périgord in southwestern France, Expatri-



France-Dimanche

SINGER BAKER IN STONE
A wrap for the future.

ate Baker was busily tending the fabrication of a startling memorial to herself. Items in the shrine: 1) a statuary group depicting La Baker in ancient, saintly wraps, arms outstretched in benediction over the kneeling figures of seven kiddies of various races, corresponding to Josephine's seven adopted children; 2) waxen images of Josephine and the tots striding up a hill topped by a cross; 3) a figure of Josephine's husband, French Jazz Maestro Jo Bouillon, on his knees to receive the blessing of a paraffin Pope Pius XII.

Manhattan-born Soprano **Maria Meneghini Callas**, recent victor in a high E-flat free-for-all with an octet of Chicago process servers (TIME, Nov. 28), plunged a legal fork into an Italian macaroni company. On the times of her suit: Maria's ex-physician and husband's brother-in-law, Dr. Giovanni Cazzaroli, the Pastificio Pantanella Co. and Prince Marcantonio



Arthur Siegel

SOPRANO CALLAS
A phooey for the pasta.

Pacelli, who is Pastificio's legal eagle as well as a nephew of Pope Pius XII. La Callas, 31, weighing in at a svelte 135 lbs., charged that Dr. Cazzaroli had issued a false certificate, ballyhooed by the pasta firm in ads, stating that she had shed an unsvelte 44 lbs. by gobbling quantities of Pastificio Pantanella's dietetic, "no-cal" macaroni. Maria fumed a scetic phooey on "the physiological pasta." The prima donna, who once declined singing *Madame Butterfly* because she scaled an unhelpful 212 lbs., now complained: "The public wants Callas to be noble and delicate . . . Woe betide if, opposed to this idealistic spirituality, the public should discover a behind-scenes maneuver whereby a dainty Butterfly is achieved only through a cure with special macaroni."

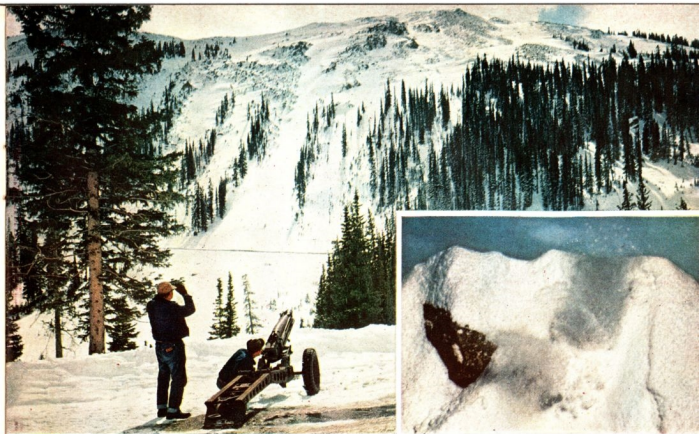
Six Roman Catholic Holy Name Societies in southern New Jersey protested because a new \$100 million bridge between Philadelphia and Camden, N.J. is named after a longtime Camdenizen, earthy Poet **Walt (Leaves of Grass) Whitman**. Reason: Whitman portrayed "the common man" as "homoeotic," i.e., hankering perversely for other common men. A rebuttal came promptly from the former head of the public agency that built the bridge: "We could find [no] evidence that Walt Whitman was homosexual. A genius sometimes does things that some people think is a little peculiar . . ."

Special cops were on duty to untie traffic snarls converging on a San Fernando Valley mansion near Hollywood. The Yuletide cynosure: a rooftop Santa Claus, made of bamboo, hammering away at a wrought-iron piano garnished with a twinkly candelabra, while loudspeakers blared hi-fi recordings of the schmalziest music on the far side of Bethlehem. Beamed the spectacle's beamish mastermind, **Libeance**: "I just love Christmas!"



United Press

EAGLE SCOUT KELLY & MOTHER
A request from the post.



Exploding an avalanche for a safer winter road

Colorado's rugged beauty creates severe problems for its great and growing road system. The Seven Sisters are no help.

Artillery fire helps save lives in Colorado. This shellburst is demolishing a cornice of snow—a potential avalanche starter—on the Seven Sisters above Loveland Pass. Ski patrols of the Colorado Department of Highways spot hazards like this and plant dynamite charges or call in one of the state-owned 75-millimeter guns. After the snow tumbles onto blocked-off stretches of road, big snow plows go speedily into action. Very soon the road is open again and safe.

The exploding of avalanches is a colorful but minor part of Colorado's highway problem. As in many other states, the big job is to relieve traffic congestion and keep pace with rapid growth. Colorado is meet-

ing the challenge. In the last five years the state has built or modernized 4000 miles of roads, at a cost of \$129 million.

Traffic now moves smoothly along such arteries as the Denver-Boulder Turnpike. Booming industrial, oil and uranium-mining areas are now served by modernized or newly constructed roads.

Much has been done. But, according to a continuing state survey, \$128 million is needed just to improve existing roads. Colorado appropriated a record-breaking \$37 million this year as a part of its long-range highway program. One of many projects on which work has already started is the Continental Divide tunnel. Though avalanches may rumble overhead, motor-

ists soon will drive undisturbed under the granite "backbone of the nation."

Like Colorado, your state is working hard to give you better roads. But, to succeed, your state program must have your support. Find out what this program is. Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings be known.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

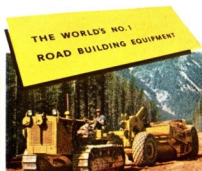
DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

(Left)

This new four-lane highway, 16 miles long, replaces a winding, dangerous road between Denver and Brighton. Officials estimate that Brighton will double its population in a few years, largely because of the new highway.

(Right)

If wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you know your state is getting its money's worth.



No. 5 in a series:

Twin-jet raider is Navy's largest carrier-based bomber

A positive step in neutralizing an enemy sea force is to wreck or immobilize home ports and outlying bases. This strategy, to be successful, has always demanded a huge force.

Now the Navy has a new weapon, a versatile jet bomber—the Douglas A3D Skywarrior—a fast, high-altitude raider with a nuclear wallop that could smash harbor installations, submarine pens or coast line defenses in a single blow.

Skywarrior is not only the largest carrier-based bomber, but is faster than many fighters, and designed to handle a wide variety of missions.



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Development of the A3D shows how Douglas works with the Navy on its long-range preparedness program. But without men and women to fly and service them, the Navy's airplanes are useless. If you agree that defense is everybody's business, give a thought to a career with the U. S. Navy.



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MEDICINE

Anesthesia via Teddy Bear

For a child, the hardest part of an operation usually comes before the surgeon's knife has touched him. The strange sights and smells, the anesthesiologist's impatient coaxing, the confining anesthesia mask that is pressed against his face are all things that fill the youngster with terror. To prevent psychic traumas, reports *Medical News*, doctors have devised a series of toys that administer anesthesia without tears.

Susie is handed a Teddy bear to play with in the operating room. As she fondles it, gas hisses from a concealed tube in the bear's snout. After Susie drops quietly asleep, she is given deeper anesthesia through a mask. Gas-emitting space helmets, toy telephones, dolls and a host of other toys are also used as foils for anesthesia. Most doctors agree that children should be given a truthful description of the steps that will lead to unconsciousness. But the fascination of a plaything is usually enough to erase the child's fear of the operating room.

Africa v. Yaws

In Ceylon it is called *parangi*, in the Fiji Islands *coco*, in the Gold Coast *dube*. By these and some 80 other dread names, yaws is known the world over as a painful, crippling and highly contagious disease that covers the body with sores and eventually eats away the outer flesh. Half its estimated 50 million victims, most of whom caught it as children, are in Africa.

In the last seven years, 32 countries have cured almost 10 million people of yaws, with the help of the World Health Organization and the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. Last week the biggest anti-yaws campaign



PATIENT & ANESTHETIC TOY
Not as a stranger.

Ferdinand Harding

in history was forming. Its goal: to wipe yaws from the African continent within ten years by examining nearly 100 million Africans, discovering and treating all the continent's victims.

WHO and UNICEF will supply free penicillin, send technical advisers when necessary. African nations will match this contribution in personnel, equipment and operating costs. Already, whole villages are shuffling through palm-topped clinics improvised by traveling medical units. The word of penicillin's magic has spread: a single shot, costing only 12¢, cures a victim of yaws.

Seven Lost Years

At times . . . I grew sick, and numb, and chilly, and dizzy, and so fell prostrate at once. Then, for weeks, all was void, and black, and silent, and Nothing became the universe. Total annihilation could be no more. From these . . . attacks I awoke, however . . . Just as the day dawns to the friendless and houseless beggar who rooms the streets throughout the long desolate winter night—just so tardily—just so wearily—just so cheerily came back the light of the Soul to me.

—Poe's *The Premature Burial*

Bhopalchand Lodha was a happy man. He had good health, a good wife, ten children and an enviable reputation as public-works secretary of India's Jodhpur State. He was also a proud man. When he was suspended from his job for "misconduct in service" on the basis of vague charges, he telephoned the chief minister and insisted on a hearing. During the talk he became giddy. After waiting a month and a half to defend himself publicly, he was extremely tense and complained of feeling ill. Then—according to the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, reporting the

case for the first time in the U.S.—Lodha had two sharp bouts of malarial fever. Finally, he fell into a deep stupor. He could have passed for a dead man.

But his heart continued to beat and his circulatory, respiratory and alimentary systems to function. That was in September 1944. Lodha's stupor lasted more than seven years, a fact that makes it extraordinary in medical history (most stupors last only a few months at most). During this time he never moved his limbs, opened his eyes or uttered a word. His sensations and deep reflexes were gone.

His wife and his children, one of them a physician, cared for him with remarkable devotion and detail. At first he was fed liquids through a tube in his nose; later, fluids were poured into his mouth while his nose was held. He got an enema every other day, vitamin injections daily. His limbs were massaged regularly. Day and night for seven years, he was shifted every half hour from one position to another to keep his circulation unimpaired. When, in the second year, he developed an abscess, he was operated on without anesthesia. In the fourth year he was cured of pneumonia with penicillin.

Suddenly, on the evening of Jan. 4, 1952, Bhopalchand Lodha's temperature shot up from another attack of malaria. The next day it went down, then up again, then down. His fingers began to move slightly and, a few days later, his toes. Finally his eyes moved. A month later he could turn his head and swallow food. After several more months, his vision was restored, but he could not recognize his children for the changes that seven years had wrought in them. It took him a year to regain complete consciousness.

Lodha had been exonerated of the old charges while he lay in the stupor, but he took the news calmly. He became



D. P. Bhargava
BHOPALCHAND LODHA
More alive than dead.

bright and cheerful once more. He could remember nothing of his seven-year sleep, was unaware that his father had died in the same house a few years earlier.

After studying his case, Bombay's Dr. Nalinkant Sunderji Vahia concluded that Lodha had suffered a catatonic stupor caused by a suppressed aggressive attitude toward the chief minister as they talked on the telephone. Without his family's remarkable care, Lodha might not have lived long. Yet doctors believe that victims of stupor respond more quickly if removed from their usual surroundings. Had Bhopalchand Lodha been treated in a modern hospital, they think, he might not have lost seven years of his life.

Last week, slightly bent from osteoarthritis after his long inactivity, Lodha passed his 57th birthday with his family and—seeming neither tense nor nervous—awaited a hearing in which the state will be the defendant. He is suing to recover more than \$8,000 in damages.

Intestinal Perfidy?

At a dinner given by Britain's Royal College of Surgeons in London in 1927, the college's president, Sir Berkeley Moynihan, took aside France's Professor René Leriche to show him a unique and little-known specimen. It was a sealed glass tube containing a piece of small intestine with a hole in it. Surgeon Leriche made an on-the-spot diagnosis: perforation caused by a tropical disease. Confided Moynihan proudly: "It is Napoleon's intestine."

Leriche protested incredulously that Napoleon was commonly thought to have died of stomach cancer. Just then Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, the evening's guest of honor, caught sight of the college's collection of pickled viscera and got sick to his stomach. The conversation ended abruptly.

Last week in the French weekly *Arts*, Professor Leriche, now 76, reported that Sir Berkeley had said just enough to upset the generally accepted theory that Napoleon's death on St. Helena was caused by cancer. Did the British impose the cancer theory to conceal something? The magazine's sinister conclusion: Napoleon may have died of a tropical disease, brought on by his British jailers' refusal to supply him with adequate quarters and sufficient drainage. Napoleon's intestine cannot be produced to test the theory; it was destroyed by a German bomb in 1941.

Capsules

¶ Parents who cajole their children into taking aspirin by telling them it is candy are asking for trouble, warned the New York City department of health after the second New York child in six weeks had died from an overdose of aspirin. Reason: children may gulp down a bottle of aspirin (often flavored or colored) with disastrous results. The board's advice: 1) don't give aspirin—even the weaker "children's aspirin"—to children except on doctor's orders; 2) keep aspirin containers out of children's reach.



Museum, Royal College of Surgeons of England
NAPOLEON'S INTESTINE®

Stronger than a statesman's stomach.

¶ Bone taken from young cows has "proved very satisfactory so far for grafting in humans," reported Drs. William B. Fischer and Irvin Clayton of Northwestern University Medical School. Calf-bone grafting has been used on twelve patients, whose own bone cells are believed to have formed new crystals around the scaffolding of the calf bone. Advantages of calf bone: it is available in unlimited quantities, is cheap and simple to use.

¶ X-ray motion pictures have passed from the experimental to the practical phase, the Radiological Society of North America was told at its 41st annual meeting in Chicago. The X-ray movies verify accurately what diagnostic physicians have only been able to guess about, e.g., the swallowing process (which doctors found varies greatly from person to person), the stomach's pushing action (gastric peristalsis), speech defects, heart anomalies.

¶ Great Britain decided to postpone for a year its ban on the manufacture of heroin, which was due to go into effect at year's end. British doctors—and M.P.'s of both parties—had fought the ban vehemently, insisting that heroin is needed for medical purposes, chiefly as a painkiller. The government acted after 70-year-old Laborite Lord Jowitt,† one time (1945-51) Lord High Chancellor, raised a fine point in the House of Lords: although the government had the legal power to control the manufacture of heroin, did it have the right to ban it? The Eden government succumbed, revoked its ban pending further study.

* Cut open to show perforation.

† Also noted for his book, *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* (1953), in which he reviewed the evidence in the Hiss trials, suggested that 1) Hiss was innocent and 2) U.S. justice was poorly administered.

THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

Six Characters in Search of an Author (by Luigi Pirandello) remains, after some 30 years, one of the most fascinating of modern plays. As elsewhere in his work, but here with specially striking stagecraft, Pirandello wrote his own quizzical, gaily pessimistic brand of philosophic comedy. Strewing the stage with question marks, he asked—without answering—what is truth? reality? appearance? illusion? In *Six Characters* there seems less attempt to arrive at truth than to stress the impossibility of arriving at it.

On the surface, *Six Characters* suggests a half-frivolous fantasy. During a rehearsal of a Pirandello play, six characters suddenly invade the stage, insisting that they are the brain children of a playwright who never actually put them into a play. They long to "exist," and a bewildered director lets them tell their story in the hope that it may yield an interesting script. It proves a lurid story of a woman who left her husband and child for another man, of illegitimacy and prostitution, of drowning and suicide. It is a stammered, sleazy chronicle, told by fits and starts in bits and pieces, and constantly interrupted by the director and actors. Such storytelling has, of course, a method in its badness, and actually involves great skill. Again, the operatic lives of Pirandello's sextet mean less for him than the specific nature of their alienness. For who, he asks, have more "reality"—human beings, who exist in all their completeness but after and die, or characters in art, selectively created but forever unalterable? Which have more essential "truth"—mere haphazard facts, or such facts touched up to achieve form and meaning? For that matter, how true are mere facts at all, since no two people ever view or interpret them alike? And to add to the blur of truth and illusion, there is the medium of the theater itself, asserting reality through make-believe.

Happily, Pirandello set out less to solve such posers than to dramatize them. The play, to be sure, lacks straight dramatic drive; not only does the frame divert attention from the picture, but where the theme is the nature of reality, the sense of reality is apt to suffer. What *Six Characters* does have is great mental agility and theatrical ingenuity. What in particular Director Tyrone (*The Matchmaker*) Guthrie has brought to the present Phoenix Theatre production is a vivid comic sense. He has royally thwacked and twined Pirandello's posturing stagefolk, and contrived from their hamming, their clichés, their high-dudgeoned exits some explosive moments and brightly amusing scenes. But his staging enlivens the evening more than it illumines the play. There is more comic surface than ironic underpinning, and a greater sense of exclamation points than of question marks. But a substantial share of the play's fascination remains.



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Fra Angelico

The Bearers of Gifts

(See Cover)

For Beauty includes three conditions: wholeness . . . harmony . . . and radiance.

—St. Thomas Aquinas

AS the year declines towards its end, man, as far back as history records, has always hungered for imagery, the warm glow of fire, a reassuring star of hope. In the Christian world, the great theme around which this yearning centers is the story of the Nativity. No subject in Western art has had more enduring appeal for the hearts and minds of men. From the West's earliest known painting of the *Madonna and Child* (Time, May 16) through the passionate, attenuated figures of El Greco and Grünewald to such diverse moderns as Gauguin and Matisse, the elemental yet intimate scene of mother and newborn son has filled men with awe and rejoicing. To celebrate this event, artists have enriched the story with regal Byzantine mosaics, the glories of Chartres' medieval stained glass, with enamels, jewels, oils and frescoes. To the Nativity the greatest artists in Western history have, like the Scriptured Magi, traveled afar to bring their most precious Twelfth Night gifts.

The one painter who more than any other possessed an artist's radiant vision of the Nativity, as valid in its harmony and joyous quietude for the Middle Ages and the Renaissance as it is today, was a Dominican priest who died in Rome just 500 years ago this year. Even in his lifetime, his fellow monks felt the touch of his genius, awarded him the title of "The Angelic"—Fra Angelico.

Within the Cowl. For all his fame and popularity, there are few more elusive personalities in art than Fra Angelico. So completely did the man and artist live within his monastic cowl and robe, effacing himself within the disciplines of monastic life, that his early life, training and personality are only guesswork. He left no written record of his own. His biographer, Painter-Historian Giorgio Vasari, wrote nearly a century after Fra Angelico's death.

Vasari's principal sources were a pious Dominican eulogy and the memories of an ancient monk, Fra Eustachio, with whom Vasari often gossiped at Florence's convent of San Marco. From such accounts, Vasari drew the picture of Fra Angelico as a painter who "never took up his brush without first making a prayer. He never made a crucifix when the tears did not course down his cheeks . . ." Some later historians have doubted this picture of Fra Angelico in a state of religious ecstasy. The evidence in his painting points far more to a man who was the soul of patience and mildness, but calm, even cool, in temperament. Probably English Art Historian John Pope-Hennessy comes closest to the mark: "For all the translucent surface of his paintings, for all his rapturous pleasure in the natural world, there lay concealed, within Angelico's artistic personality, a Puritan faithful to his own intransigent ideal of reformed religious art."

From the Summit. In Fra Angelico the man, the monk and the artist were as one. Sharing both in the final, full flowering of the Middle Ages and the first springlike surge of the Renaissance, Fra Angelico stood at a summit during one of those rare moments of equilibrium between epochs.

Set down in the chronicle of the San Domenico convent at Fiesole are the simple facts about Fra Angelico: in 1407 "*Fra Joannes Petri de Mugello iuxta Vicium, optimus pictor, qui multas tabulas et parietes in diversis locis pinxit, accepit habitum clericorum in hoc conventu . . . et in sequenti anno fecit*

professionem."* To this, Vasari adds only that Fra Giovanni's name was Guido, that he was born in 1387, and entered the Dominican monastery "chiefly for the sake of his soul and for his peace of mind."

The decision of Fra Angelico and his brother, who became Fra Benedetto, to present themselves at the doors of the small Dominican monastery, set in a vineyard at the foot of the hill of Fiesole outside Florence, came at a crucial time. A wave of reform was sweeping the Dominican monasteries of Italy; revived humanism, based on study of recently rediscovered classic manuscripts, was threatening the church with a new kind of paganism. The new convent of San Domenico, then less than two years in existence, was a spearhead of the reformed order of Dominican Observants. Its leader, the eloquent Fra Dominici, raised up against the New Learning the stern teachings of the church fathers: "Christ is our only guide to happiness . . . our father, our leader, our light, our food, our redemption, our way, our truth, our life." Fra Dominici exhorted the young monks: "As the years of tender youth flow by, the soft wax may take on any form. Stamp on it the impress not of Narcissus, Myrrha, Phaedra or Ganymede, but of the crucified Christ and of the saints." It was to this effort that Fra Angelico, for whom the goal both of life and art was "the contemplation and realization of Beauty," devoted the rest of his life.

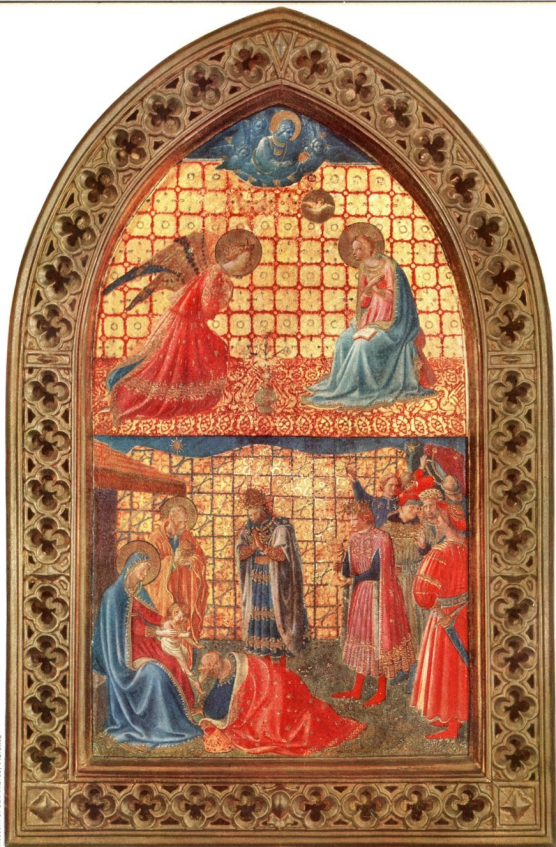
Broken Mold. No one knows when Fra Angelico first began to show the unmistakable signs of genius. Only a year after he took his final vows, his convent was thrown into turmoil as a result of the rival claims of three Popes. The Fiesole monks saw their prior arrested, and fled for safety to Foligno, then to Cortona. But from this nine-year period of exile, no record of Fra Angelico's activities has survived. One theory is that, on the Dominicans' return to Fiesole, Fra Angelico worked under Lorenzo Monaco, a Camaldolese monk famed for his manuscript illuminations. Supporting this theory is the fact that one of Fra Angelico's earliest surviving paintings, a *Virgin and Child* (see cover), is based on an earlier Monaco work.

But whoever the master, Fra Angelico was an apt pupil. His first *Virgin and Child* surpasses Monaco's in both draftsmanship and coloring. More important, Fra Angelico broke free from the rigid mold of medieval art; his Virgin is no longer two-dimensional, but a figure that turns in space with a lifelike gesture.

In both the *Virgin of the Star* and the panel combining the *Annunciation* and *Coming of the Magi* (see color pages), which Fra Angelico painted for a reliquary for the convent of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, he relied on rich gold, Byzantine in its richness, for a background. Fra Angelico's own contributions were the new, soft-flopping harmonies of the robes, the fresh coloring which juxtaposed azure against deepest blue, pink against red to create a glowing world of weightless form and radiant, shadowless color.

"Thy Will Be Done." Two conflicting traditions of religious painting, almost as old as Christendom, are revealed in Fra Angelico's early work. The *Virgin of the Star*, where the Christ child tenderly reassures his mother, is one of the few paintings in which Fra Angelico yielded to the popular taste for the sentimental. The future glory of Fra Angelico's work is first

* "Friar John [son] of Peter from Mugello near Vicchio, most excellent painter, who painted many pictures and walls in various places, took the clerical habit in this convent . . . and in the following year made his profession" (i.e., took his vows).



THE ANNUNCIATION AND THE COMING OF THE MAGI

"In order to treat of the things of the Christ," said Painter Fra Angelico, "one must live with the Christ."



THE STORY OF MARY

The marriage of Joseph and the Virgin, Mary's visit to Elizabeth, the adoration of the Magi and

the presentation of Jesus in the temple fill this predella in the museum at Cortona with quiet grace.



THE ANNUNCIATION

This treasure from the Church of San Domenico, in the ancient

hill town of Cortona, is ranked at the summit of Tuscan painting.



Diocesan Museum of Cortona

THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

Fra Angelico pictured the Virgin crowned in a sky-like setting of blue and gold, amidst saints and seraphim.



The Louvre



THE VIRGIN OF THE STAR

Human tenderness and divine mystery become as one in this small yet majestic panel at Florence's cloister of St. Mark.

declared in the Annunciation scene done for the church of San Domenico in Cortona (see p. 34). Here the Virgin sits serenely with hands folded across her breast in a gesture that sums up one of the great credos of monasticism: "Thy will be done."

This great theme of renunciation Fra Angelico made his own in life and art, raising it to a level rarely if ever surpassed. Its highest expression, and one of the world's great paintings, is the Cortona *Annunciation*. Only a trace of the early miniature painter remains in the loving care given the rich golden tapestry of the Virgin's chair; for the rest, Fra Angelico's painting has been awakened by the dawning Renaissance. With rows of Brunelleschian columns, he achieves perspective, relegating symbolism to the background, where the distant figures of Adam and Eve state the origin of man's sin. In the foreground, is a rich, verdant carpet, carefully observed from nature and painted with the same joyful lyricism that St. Francis of Assisi had seen more than two centuries before in the world about him.

Yet in the circumscribed foreground space, there is a cloistral hush that is completely monastic. The half-genueflecting angel, splendid with great, backswept polychrome wings and raised hand, recites the sentence inscribed in gold from *St. Luke*: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." The Virgin, in a gesture of untroubled acceptance, replies simply: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done me according to thy word."

The small scenes Fra Angelico painted in translucent colors for the predella (base) of the Cortona *Annunciation* are each in themselves small hymns of praise to the Virgin. A small section in the panel of *Mary's Visit to Elizabeth* (see p. 34) made art history. It is the first identifiable landscape in Italian painting, a view of Lake Trasimeno as seen from Cortona.

Contentment with Little. Such paintings as the *Annunciation*, endlessly copied, made Fra Angelico's reputation. They established the figure of the angel in the form that still seems most appropriate for religious art, and even today the *Annunciation* is rated by former Louvre Curator Germain Bazin as "no doubt the most perfect of all Fra Angelico's works." Fra Angelico found himself besieged with requests as his style became more widely known and admired. Contemporary accounts describe his reaction—he simply referred his patrons to the prior of his monastery, saying for himself: "True riches consist in being contented with little." Florence's prosperous Guild of Flaxworkers took a more businesslike attitude. Their contract specified that their three-paneled painting be done "inside and out with gold, blue and silver of the best and finest." In payment they offered Fra Angelico "one hundred and ninety gold florins for the whole and for his craftsmanship, or for as much less as his conscience shall deem it right to charge."

Fra Angelico obviously preferred working for his brothers at San Domenico, but he was given little time to carry out his wishes. The *Coronation of the Virgin* (see p. 35) was his last work at Fiesole, and even in this the figures of the Virgin and Christ were left to be finished by another hand.

Scholar's Prince. What called Fra Angelico away from San Domenico was the triumphant return from political exile on Oct. 6, 1434 of Cosimo de' Medici, the wealthiest banker of his day, munificent benefactor and art patron whose scholarly passions and political adroitness made Florence the foremost city of the Renaissance. Cosimo's rule created for Florence an interval of peace and poise in which a man could aspire to make a balanced masterpiece of his life. As the outward expression of this, Cosimo set to work on a program to make Florence the wonder of Europe.

To embellish the city, its churches and palaces he drew on the talents of Brunelleschi, Donatello, Fra Lippo Lippi, Uccello, Luca della Robbia. The great monument to his ideal, a marriage between humanism and religion, was the San Marco convent, which Cosimo prevailed upon Pope Eugenius IV to transfer from the Sylvestrines to the Dominican Observants. Cosimo ordered his favorite architect Michelozzo to repair the building, richly endowed it with 400 rare manuscripts and classic statues of Venus and Apollo. To do the frescoes, Cosimo called on the great Dominican painter Fra Angelico.

While the old San Marco buildings were being repaired, the Dominicans lived in huts and damp cells. But as the ground

floor was readied, Fra Angelico and his assistants went to work, painting a series of Crucifixions in the cloister, the main refectory and the chapter house. For Cosimo's cell, largest in the monastery, where the Medici prince liked to retire for contemplation, Fra Angelico repeated once again the Coming of the Magi at Cosimo's request, "to have this example of Eastern kings laying down their crowns at the manger of Bethlehem always before his eyes as a reminder for his own guidance as a ruler."

Within the monastery walls of San Marco, Fra Angelico concentrated on the simple devotional images required by his fellow monks for their meditations and prayers. The results, seen in the six cells definitely

painted by Fra Angelico, represent Fra Angelico at his strongest and purest. To portray *The Mocking of Christ*, he painted a regal, blindfolded Christ figure crowned with thorns; the throng of jeering soldiery appear only as a group of disembodied hands and a loutish head, cap raised in sarcasm, spitting upon Christ. By abstracting all but the essential central image, Fra Angelico makes the eye travel through a curve of space to return endlessly to its starting point—the perfect movement theologians ascribe to the contemplative soul.

Road to Rome. In 1443, the Pope visited San Marco to dedicate the finished convent. Two years later, the Pontiff called Fra Angelico to Rome to begin the great work of decorating the Vatican. Decorating the Chapel of the Sacrament and the "studio" of the Pope with frescoes (since destroyed), and painting scenes of the lives of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen in the Pope's private chapel were to take up Fra Angelico's time, off and on, for the remaining ten years of his life.

Stories Vasari collected long afterward show Fra Angelico still the self-effacing monk. When Fra Angelico's old convent at Fiesole elected him to the three-year term as prior, he gladly accepted, but more honor he avoided. When Pope Nicholas V offered to make him Archbishop of Florence, Fra Angelico, who believed that there was "less trouble and error in obeying others," declined. He urged instead a fellow Dominican, who was later canonized as St. Antoninus.

On March 18, 1455, Fra Angelico died at the age of 68. Until the last he was working on his murals in Rome, but it is clear that Fra Angelico, who had moved through the full cycle from medieval illuminations to the heroic architectural vision of the Renaissance, had done his greatest work for his fellow monks in the monasteries of San Domenico and San Marco and the church at Cortona, where he had lived and worshipped.

Almost 100 years later, the painter Vasari rendered a judgment on Fra Angelico's works that most succeeding generations have echoed and are likely to repeat: "It is an unspeakable delight to regard them, for it appears that the spirits of the blessed in heaven cannot be otherwise than these . . . The entire coloring appears to be the work of a saint or an angel like themselves. Right well did this holy friar deserve the name by which he was always known, Fra Giovanni Angelico."

MICHAEL VECARD



SAN MARCO CONVENT IN FLORENCE

EDUCATION

Way of a Windfall

The telegrams were necessarily vague, but to the 615 U.S. college and university presidents who got them, they brought the best news of the year. "Your institution," the Ford Foundation wired from Manhattan, "is to be offered [a] grant under [the] foundation's expanded program for faculty raises." No amounts were stated, but the wire services soon had the list in full. Last week, while still awaiting official details from the foundation, the nation's campuses, hospitals and medical schools were reeling excitedly over the biggest (\$500 million) foundation windfall in history (TIME, Dec. 19).

Though the foundation has been working on its program for months, it kept its activities top secret. Last March, when it thought it would have only \$50 million to spend, it began sending out questionnaires, asking about faculty salaries, enrollments, curriculum and accreditation. At that time it included one stipulation which was later dropped: that each recipient must raise enough money to match its grant. Then, when the Ford Motor Co. decided to put its stock up for public sale, the foundation realized that it would have assets enough to give an additional \$210 million to the colleges, \$200 million to some 3,500 privately supported hospitals, and \$50 million to an as yet undetermined list of privately supported medical schools.

Famed & Obscure. In picking the colleges, the foundation wisely decided to avoid the question of merit. Its list therefore includes every private, four-year institution that emphasizes the liberal arts and sciences and has regional accreditation. Each campus will get a grant that roughly equals last year's payroll for full-time teachers with undergraduate students. The grant must be held intact for ten years, and the interest from it must be used to raise faculty salaries. After ten years the principal of the grant may be spent as the school sees fit. In addition to the \$210 million, 126 of the 615 schools will get \$50 million in "accomplishment grants" to reward them for the efforts they have made on their own to better their professors' lots. Since these institutions must be primarily concerned with the liberal arts, such schools as Caltech, M.I.T. and Carnegie Tech are excluded.

The grants range from \$31,000 for San Francisco's California School of Fine Arts to \$5,000,000 for New York University. The list includes names as famed as Harvard (\$4,510,000), but there are others scarcely anyone has ever heard of. Pennsylvania has the largest number of beneficiaries (57). North Dakota has only one (Jamestown College), and five states—Arizona, Delaware, New Mexico, Nevada and Wyoming—have none.

Accommodating & Fair. When the news first broke, some 20 colleges wired the foundation in desperation. Because of the stipulation that they must match whatever grants they got, they had simply

thrown the original questionnaires in the wastebasket. A few colleges, e.g., Massachusetts' Anna Maria, got their accreditation only the day before the final list was made up. The foundation tried to be accommodating; it also tried to be as fair as possible. Roman Catholic institutions, for instance, which have some teachers who get no salaries, will get grants based on a full payroll.

From all over the U.S. last week, telegrams of thanks poured into the foundation headquarters. The head of one Midwest Roman Catholic hospital wired: "When I received your telegram, I could not believe it. I thought it was a mistake or a misunderstanding or hoax or something. May God bless you for your gift." Added another: "We needed money so



PHILANTHROPIST FORD

Beginning next year, last year's pay.

badly, but I did not know that you knew it." Meanwhile, some colleges were already making plans. Samples:

□ Rockford (Ill.) College plans to use its \$169,800 to help raise all faculty salaries \$400 by 1958.

□ California's Occidental College plans raises on the basis of merit and service.

□ Tennessee's Knoxville College (496 students) learned from the newspaper that it could expect \$93,200. Invested, as it must be for at least ten years, this will bring in an annual income of about \$3,728—enough to give everyone an extra \$100.

□ With its expected \$320,000, Iowa's Coe College (880 students) will be able to raise salaries about 5%. But since part of the money is an unrestricted "accomplishment grant," in reward for having upped salaries 76% since 1950, Coe can, if it wishes, spend some on its current building program.

□ Yale, which will get \$4,000,000, expects to have \$160,000 a year in income.

But since this would spread thin over 1,800 teachers, the university is setting up a committee to decide whether an across-the-board raise would be best or not. Yale may also use its "accomplishment grant" on a new laboratory, an electrical engineering building, or another residential college.

All in all, the Ford windfall had given the U.S. college professor a welcome and well-deserved boost. But the foundation is under no illusions that it has produced any sort of cure. In 1954, the college teacher was still at least 20% behind his 1939 purchasing power. The foundation hopes that the main effect of its program will not be to put teachers back where they should be but to focus attention on their plight and to persuade other foundations and corporations to follow the Ford lead. Last week, Princeton University put all this in proper perspective. In spite of its \$3,320,400 grant, it firmly announced that there would be no letup whatsoever in current annual efforts to raise a much-needed \$1,000,000 more.

History & the U.S.

"Your observations," wrote the President of the U.S. to an ambitious Army captain named Meriwether Lewis, "are to be taken with great pains and accuracy . . . and are to be rendered to the war-office . . ." With that letter, in 1803, Thomas Jefferson sent Lewis and William Clark off on their famous expedition. True to their instructions, the captains did put down their observations, and most of these have been carefully preserved and published. Then, in 1953, additional documents were discovered in the attic of an old house in St. Paul, Minn. Last week those papers were the subject of a lawsuit that had many a U.S. scholar, collector and librarian on edge.

A General's Desk. The papers were found after the death of the daughter of Civil War General John Henry Hammond. Just how the general came by them, no one was quite sure. But there they were, all wrapped up in old newspapers and tucked inside his desk and under another desk top. The Minnesota Historical Society authenticated them, found that they covered the entire formation of the expedition. With the permission of one heir, the society took them over and began to edit them. But when the news broke that they might be worth \$20,000, other heirs filed suit to get them back. At that point, the U.S. Government decided to sue for the papers itself.

Long concerned over the proper preservation of federal documents, the Government felt that it had a good case. These papers, it maintained, had once been Government property. Therefore, the Government was still their owner and had the duty to protect them. But to private collectors across the U.S., the Government's claim on the Lewis and Clark papers had far-reaching implications. If the Government won, did that mean that the National Archives could go around claiming all documents that had once been Government property?



LEWIS & CLARK (RIGHT FOREGROUND) & SACAJAWEA
The war-office was still waiting.

Bettmann Archive

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Tad and Willie Lincoln were terrors! They turned the White House upside down, disrupted Cabinet meetings, raised havoc with official functions. You'll enjoy reading the true story of President Lincoln and His Problem Sons, in January McCall's.

McCall's

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in more than 4,500,000 homes

Real & Immediate. A group of scholars representing the Yale, Harvard, Princeton, New York Public and Morgan libraries felt so strongly about the matter that they formed a Manuscripts Emergency Committee. "The threat to the integrity of existing collections," said the committee, "is real and immediate. We believe that the position taken by the Government is untenable." Other bookmen began to ask all sorts of dire questions. Would the New York Public Library, for instance, have to give up Washington's Farewell Address? And what about the Adams papers at the Massachusetts Historical Society—and the Hoover papers at Stanford University? Said Librarian William Lingelbach of the American Philosophical Society: "Every library as old as ours has materials that would be affected."

Last week, as the case went on, U.S. Archivist Wayne C. Grover spoke up to reassure the alarmists. "No one at the National Archives," he said, "has any inclination or intention whatsoever of attempting to gain physical possession of those historical documents currently in the possession of such responsible institutions as the great university libraries and the widely respected historical associations." Yet Grover was in fact warning those collectors and dealers to whom federal documents are merely items for private profit. If the archives has its way, it will no longer permit such papers as those of Lewis and Clark to be parceled up and "dispersed as fragmentary items for commercial purposes."

Report Card

¶ New York's State Education Department announced plans for a five-point program to speed the development of gifted high-school students, especially in scientific fields. The new program, scheduled to go into effect next fall, will provide facilities for advanced work in physics,

chemistry, mathematics and English courses, and will encourage closer cooperation between industrial concerns and the schools' science departments.

¶ The Du Pont Co. upped its annual aid to education grant by more than \$100,000, announced that for 1956-57 it will hand out \$900,000 to more than 100 colleges and universities. All of the increase and nearly half of the entire grant will go toward the improvement of teaching, especially of science and mathematics, in colleges and high schools.

¶ Dean F. T. Wall, of the University of Illinois graduate college, blasted industry for creating "educational inflation" by demanding unnecessary Ph.D.s for its employees. Dean Wall argued that the pressure for advanced degrees may devalue the Ph.D. to the point where a "super degree" will be needed to stand in the relation to the Ph.D. that the Doctor of Philosophy was originally intended to bear to the bachelor's degree.

¶ The Harvard Law School Library added to its collection of rare legal documents a copy of the earliest known imprint of laws enacted in New England, dated 1643. The broadside, bought from Lincoln Cathedral in England for \$12,000, is one of two known to exist; the other known copy is at the British Museum. The "Capitall Lawes" list 15 offenses punishable by death, citing the Old Testament as authority rather than the common law of England.

¶ Retired University of California teachers took out incorporation papers for a National Committee on the Emeriti to boost the pensions of the nation's 11,000 retired college teachers and endow post-retirement professorships. The group reported that a median pension for retired professors is currently \$170 a month, and that many get \$100 a month or less. The Emeriti Committee will seek support from the large foundations.

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MUSIC

The New Sound

Modern sound engineers have worked marvels of clear acoustics. But have they made too much of a good thing? The question was raised after London's Royal Festival Hall was completed four years ago, and it came up again after the first concerts in the new concrete-domed Kresge Auditorium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (TIME, June 29, 1953). "The sensation," wrote Boston *Herald* Critic Rudolph Elie, after a Boston Symphony concert, "is thrilling to the last degree." But he called the hall "acoustically naked," pointed out that a "creaking shoe, a blow through the exhaust valve of a horn, and a noisily turned page become a major catastrophe."

In the U.S., acoustics-conscious as never before since the advent of hi-fi, Kresge

sign as coffered ceilings, panels, statuary, friezes, all of which helped to diffuse sound). But the chief factor that gives modern halls their characteristic clarity and brilliance is close control of reverberation, i.e., the prolongation of sound.

Soft Symphonies. Beethoven and composers who followed him were accustomed to halls in which the reverberation period was comfortably long, i.e., if they clapped their palms, it would take perhaps two seconds for the sound to die to inaudibility. Result: when an orchestra played, it sounded mellow, sometimes foggy. Composers wrote symphonies to be performed under those conditions, and musicians played their instruments no better than necessary to pass muster under the mellow fog. Until the electronic age, except for musicians playing outdoors, everybody was accustomed to the old sound. When

halls, a violinist hears little beyond the string section, a trumpeter hardly anything except the brasses). So far, the novelty of being able to hear so clearly has convinced audiences, too, that Kresge is an acoustic marvel. But if, as seems likely, it becomes the acoustic model for other halls, the music of the future is sure to have a radically different sound.

New Pop Records

Christmas brings out the pixie in record companies, or at least it encourages them to bring out their pixie singers. Time was when things were sweet and sentimental—as when homesick G.I.s made a nice, solid hit of Irving Berlin's *White Christmas*—but that mood was dimmed in the smoke of a goody juvenile called *All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth* (1948), and the pixies took over. The following year, all the kiddie stars were lisping the lyrics of *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, and 1952 brought the coyest Christmas hit, *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*. This year's subadolescent hit, if any, is slow to show, but according to both M-G-M and Columbia, a number called *Nuttin' for Christmas* is showing frightening signs of life. Sample lyrics, usually sung in a piercing whine:

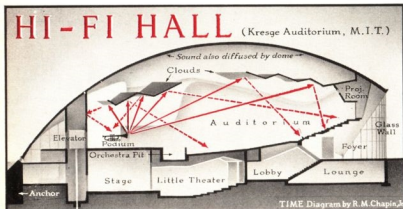
*I broke my bat on Johnny's head,
Somebody snatched on me
I hid a frog in sister's bed,
Somebody snatched on me . . .*

*Mommy and Daddy are mad,
I'm getting nuttin' for Christmas
'Cause I ain't been nuttin' but bad.*

It may be hard to see why Mommy and Daddy would buy this ditty for any child, but rival record companies—King, Capitol and Dot—rushed their own versions on the market. Victor has brought out two novelty versions of the tune; Eartha Kitt sings it sexy ("I'm gettin' nothin' for Christmas 'cause I didn't want to be bad"), and Country Clowns Homer and Jethro take the part of the child's hardened parents ("Nuttin's too good fer our Johnny, and that's what he's gonna get").

With these efforts, it seemed that little of the Christmas spirit remained to be evoked, but Victor kept on releasing Christmas disks until it had the subject covered in a world tour de force. The route: from Europe, with *Italian Jingle Bells* (*Campanella, campanella, sòlo bella . . .*) sung by Lou Monte, to South America with *Christmas in Rio*, tricked out in samba tempo by Tony Martin, to a corned, shuffling western version of *Jingle Bells*, played on guitar by Chet Atkins.

Then there are Victor's *Singing Dogs* yelping out the same tune, one canine voice to a note (done by splicing tapes) to achieve a spirited effect, while *Perry Como* (in a reissue) transforms *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen* into a queasy dirge. The curtain on Victor's celebration is run down by *Christmas, Christmas*, with chorus, chimes and strings uniting to provide a festive background while the bass voice of George Beverly Shea repeats "Chrishmush, Chrishmush."



Auditorium is becoming something of a test case.

Kresge's sound was shaped by Bolt, Beranek & Newman, acoustical engineers, headed by Dr. Richard H. Bolt, M.I.T. professor of acoustics. Into the design went a number of considerations, e.g.:

¶ The need for appropriate loudness, i.e., to match the size of the room to the sound source. Kresge (capacity: 1,200) is a multi-purpose hall, seems ideal for small ensembles or chamber groups, but a shade too small for a full orchestra.

¶ The need to eliminate background noise. Kresge is not menaced by anything quite so formidable as the subway that runs near Carnegie Hall, but M.I.T.'s city campus presented problems. Kresge is insulated by outer glass walls, curved entrance ways, rubber stripping on doors.

¶ The need to distribute sound so that everybody can hear equally well and without delay. Sound weakens as it reaches the rear of a hall, so it must be made denser by reflection from hard flat surfaces. In Kresge, that job is done by hard-surfaced "clouds" hung from the ceiling.

These are problems that every architect of a music auditorium has had to consider and solve, often by trial and error (many older halls have adequate acoustics because of such accidents of general de-

Toscanini first walked into NBC's studio 8-H, he clapped his hands, heard the echo die within a second and passed his judgment: "Too sec," i.e., dry. He was referring to the shorter reverberation time, achieved by acoustical engineers who could prove that it made music sound clearer. At Kresge, the reverberation time is 1½ seconds, actually a compromise, but unusually sec to conventional ears.

Hard Mechanics. The movement toward acoustic sharpness and clarity was strengthened by FM radio and hi-fi phonograph reproduction. People who have learned their music via hi-fi complain, when they hear live symphony orchestras for the first time, that the music is too soft and not brilliant enough. Veteran musicians, on the other hand, complain that hi-fi sound is mechanical and unreal. Sound Engineer Bolt, aware that taste in sound changes, believes that many people today do not want merely faithful reproduction but actually a new sound.

He has not made up his mind about Kresge Auditorium. On concert nights, Bolt and his associates may be seen busy picking up unpremeditated opinion from critics and public about the hall's acoustics. Orchestra men generally like it, because they can hear each other as the sound bounces off the "clouds" (in most



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SPORT

Spendthrift's Purchase

When they wager that one horse can run faster than another, most horseplayers worry about one race at a time. Leslie Combs II of Lexington, Ky. faced a somewhat different problem. The horse of his choice would be an odds-on favorite almost any time it ran. The question was not whether it would win, but how much it would make for its owner. It had already earned nearly \$1,000,000; Combs estimated that it would romp home with another \$450,000 before it slowed down. After that, Combs figured, the horse would earn some \$800,000 more at stud. Just in case some other well-heeled horseman came up with the same answers, Combs added \$1,200 for good luck. Then he put in a sealed bid for \$1,251,200 on Nashua, pride of the late Sportsman William Woodward Jr., whose Belair Stud stable went on the auction block after he was accidentally shot and killed by his wife (TIME, Nov. 7).

If others agreed with Combs' generous calculations, they lacked the cash of their convictions. When the Woodward estate executors opened the bids on Belair Stud last week, Combs had bought himself a horse. He will be paying the highest price a thoroughbred has ever brought in the history of racing.* The other 61 horses in Belair Stud went for a total of \$615,000.

To Nashua, all this high finance means little. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, dean of American trainers, will continue to have the 1955 Horse of the Year in his charge; the only difference will be that from now on Nashua will race under the orange-and-blue silks of Combs' Spendthrift Farm. It will, that is, when Combs gets up exactly \$1,266,080 (the original bid required only a certified check for 10% of the purchase price). To Combs, this should present no problem. Left end on the famed "Praying Colonels" of Centre College (1920-22), he worked his way up through polo playing and coal-mining operating to expanding the family fortune at Spendthrift. Besides, says Combs, he will not have to foot the bill alone. He was front man for a syndicate that includes five others.

Knockout

For six months New York State's new athletic commissioner, Julius Helfand, traded legal punches with boxing's racketeers in an effort to demonstrate just who is really boss of New York's professional prizefighting. Managers, seconds, promoters, nearly everyone he tackled, refused to stand up and scrap. They ducked questions, danced away from each accusation, remembered little more than their own names (TIME, June 6). They felt fairly sure they had finished those early rounds without taking much of a beating.

* Next highest: \$700,000, paid for the Aga Khan's Tulyar by the Irish National Stud in 1952.



Associated Press

OWNER COMBS & NASHUA
With the cash of his convictions.

Last week they learned how wrong they were. After spending a few more weeks studying their empty testimony, Lawyer Helfand threw a massive book at every single member of the Managers' Guild. In round and rolling phrases that are seldom heard over coffee and bagels on Jacobs' Beach, he accused the guild of engaging in "vague and shadowy" activities, of actions that were at once "malevolent, monopolistic, flagrant, shocking, vicious, arbitrary and illegal, absolute and autocratic, underhanded and dishonest." Guild members, said Helfand, had consorted with "the sinister and shadowy figure of the notorious Frankie Carbo," and, what was worse, had displayed "an incredible and amazing ignorance" of their

own organization. For all this and a few assorted other fouls, Commissioner Helfand knocked the guild right out of the ring, said that any manager who wanted to keep his state license would have to resign from the guild before Jan. 15.

All of a sudden, guild spokesmen started talking tough, made noises as if they would fight back in the courts. International Boxing Club President James D. Norris wondered out loud just how he would promote more fights in New York without the guild to do business with. But onetime Assistant District Attorney Helfand is too good a lawyer to make a move that the courts are likely to overrule. The odds are that the Managers' Guild is dead. If its members want to stick with boxing, they will have to mend their ways and operate on their own. But, said one guildsman last week, "if it took Helfand six months to decide on this step, how can you expect us dumb guys to decide on an answer in three minutes?"

On the Ropes

Commissioner Helfand's concern for the health of professional prizefighting did not go far enough for a pretty 23-year-old brunette named Elaine Flores. Mrs. Flores offered to contribute \$10,000 toward the formation of an organization to protect the rights of the boxers themselves.

Her husband George Flores, a run-of-the-mill club fighter, died in September 1951, four days after he was knocked out by Middleweight Roger Donoghue. New York State Athletic Commission doctors, argued Mrs. Flores, were negligent in permitting her husband to put on the gloves with Donoghue. In two previous fights, both within five weeks of the fatal bout, George Flores had been cruelly beaten, defeated by technical knockouts; the second time Donoghue himself had handed out the beating.

Last week New York's Court of Claims



United Press

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Welding machines,
electrodes, accessories



Electric motors



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frames



N.Y. Journal-American—International
ELAINE FLORES & SON MICHAEL
Courtesy was fatal.

Judge Fred A. Young awarded Elaine Flores \$80,000 damages from the State of New York. Five separate doctors employed by the State Athletic Commission, said Judge Young, had had the chance to bar Flores from the ring before he was killed. "The fact this was not done is an indictment of each of the doctors and a more serious indictment of the entire system of medical examinations." Even after the fatal fight was over, the judge pointed out, Attending Physician Dr. Vincent Nardiello "talked to [Flores] cursorily, and he appeared to the doctor to be all right." On the witness stand, Dr. Nardiello testified that he did not suspend Flores "because the matter of suspension was up to [the doctor] at the previous fight." This Alphonse-Gaston act, said Judge Young, "amounted to a ludicrous system of professional courtesy."

Even before Judge Young's decision, the athletic commission decided to straighten things out. Rather than fire the doctors, though, the commission decreed an automatic 30-day suspension of fighters after every knockout.

Scoreboard

Statisticians, sportswriters, officials all worked overtime setting the sports-world rankings in order before the year ran out. Items:

¶ Al Kaline, crack young (20) outfielder for the Detroit Tigers, won the American League batting title with an average of .340. Born on Dec. 19, 1934, Kaline became youngest man to win the championship by a margin of one day. His predecessor: Detroit's Ty Cobb, who was born Dec. 18, 1886 and first won the title in 1907 with .350.

¶ Herb Score, 22, fireballing southpaw of the Cleveland Indians, was elected American League Rookie of the Year.

¶ Bob Friend, who won 14 and lost nine for the pallid Pittsburgh Pirates, wound up with the best earned-run average (.284) in the National League, a singular and original honor for a cellar-club pitcher.



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Is MONEY your problem?

Are money troubles really the cause of divorces and broken homes? Discover amazing truths about money and domestic discord, in a fascinating new feature, *Money Isn't Really Your Problem*, in January McCall's.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Fat Silhouette

Director Alfred Hitchcock, 56, has made some fine movies (*The Lady Vanishes*, *Rear Window*) and has managed to appear—fat and fleetingly—in at least one scene of nearly all of them. It remained for television to show that he is almost as good an actor as he is a director. On *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* (Sun. 9:30 p.m., CBS), he is first seen in rumpled silhouette and then in full face as he gives a brief, usually acid outline of the night's mystery.

But what most viewers wait for is Hitchcock's deadpan, devastating comments on the show's Bristol-Myers commercials. He ordinarily treats them with a disdain that is the equivalent of a fastidious man brushing a particularly repellent caterpillar off his lapel. After one drama, Hitchcock said gloomily: "As you know, someone must always pay the piper. Fortunately, we already have such a person. This philanthropic gentleman wishes to remain anonymous, but perhaps the more discerning of our audience will be able to find a clue to his identity in the following commercial." When the sales message has ended, Hitchcock is apt to say: "Over so soon? My, time certainly passes quickly when you're being entertained . . ." Another time, he observes doubtfully: "You know, I believe commercials are improving every day. Next week we hope to have another one—equally fascinating. And, if time permits, we shall bring you another story." He has also, on occasion, improved that dependable old gambit, "And now let us hear a word from our sponsor . . ." When the commercial is over, the camera comes back to Hitchcock, finds him still determinedly counting: "—five hundred and eleven, five hundred and twelve, five hundred and thirteen! Thank you, sir."

Except for his fine character acting, Hitchcock is too busy making Hollywood movies to bother much about his TV chores. His asstringent lines are written for him by playwright James (*At War with the Army*) Allardice, who last year was one of George Gobel's team of gagmen. The TV shows are filmed by a staff of four directors and, of the 39 made this season, Hitchcock will have had a personal hand in only six. But, largely for the prestige of his name, he is rumored to have made "one of the most fabulous deals in TV." After all the 39 films have been shown once (and 13 of the best shown twice), they all become his personal property.

To date, the Hitchcock shows have been adequately entertaining if not outstanding. But his grand manner and refreshing potshots at the sponsor have gained the program an impressive 29.5 Nielsen rating, a comfortable four points ahead of its NBC rival, the *Goodyear-Alcoa* program. For a rating that high, Sponsor Bristol-Myers is more than happy to put up with quips about its commercials.

Scrooged Again

Radio and TV this year are taking over Christmas, lock, stock and carol. The procession of Scrooges began last week with Fredric March on CBS's *Shower of Stars*, and he was followed by a whole battery of Dickensian skinflints—Alastair Sim, Reginald Owen, Alec Guinness and the late Lionel Barrymore. Christmas drama also resounds with sleigh bells, seasonal cuteness and commercialized brotherhood. A run-through of the titles suggests the content: *Christmas 'Til Closing*, with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn; *Santa Claus and the 10th Avenue Kid*, on *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*; *Christmas Story*, on



FREDRIC MARCH AS SCROOGE
Lock, stock and carol.

San Francisco Beat; *Barbed Wire Christmas*, on *Calvacade Theater*; *A Christmas Dinner*, on *Kraft Theater*; *Silent Night*, on *Rheingold Theater*; *Santa Is No Saint*, on *Matinee Theater*; *A Kiss for Santa*, on *Ford Theater*; *Christmas in Camden*, on *The Big Story*; and *Twas the Night Before Christmas*, on *The Honeymoons*.

Even the season's situation comedies are wreathed with mistletoe: *Medic* finds its weekly tragedy at an office Christmas party; *Spring Byington* goes Christmas shopping on *December Bride*; Red Skelton plays an O. Henry tramp on Christmas Eve; Robert Young stages an old-fashioned Christmas on *Father Knows Best*; *Dragnet* repeats its Christmas heart throb of last year and the year before; Eve Arden deals with enchanted music boxes on *Our Miss Brooks*.

Some of the most successful shows of other Yules will be back again: for the sixth time, NBC presents Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*; Max Liebman brings back a new version

of *Babes in Toyland*, Perry Como, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Steber, together with unnumbered choirs, glee clubs and choruses, will work their way through a long list of popular and pious tunes, ranging from *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus* to *Adeste Fidelis*. CBS radio is not content with bombarding listeners with music. For a full hour on Christmas Eve, Bing Crosby will urge travelers in railroad stations across the U.S.—from Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal to Los Angeles' Union Station—to raise their voices with his in a monster *Christmas Sing with Bing*. The network further urged all listeners to "... join in. We hope to get millions of people to open their windows and let their radios blare forth, bring their portable radios out to the front porch or street corner, have car radios turned on loudly with the windows open and get loudspeakers set up in the city square." The *New York World-Telegram* and *Sun* found this "one of the more frightening Yuletide prospects" and added sourly: "If Bing wants any requests, we have one: 'Silent Night.'"

A few optimistic whisperers could be heard through the seasonal uproar: Sponsor Oldsmobile promised to deliver no advertising messages during Singer Patti Page's Christmas show, while Manhattan's station WINS and New Jersey's WPAT went even further: they banned all commercials on Christmas Day.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Dec. 21. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *Dumbo*, the flying elephant.

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Joan Blondell in *White Gloves*.

Climax (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Brandon de Wilde in *The Day They Gave Babies Away*.

Christmas Programs (Sat. beginning 11:15 p.m., CBS). Services from Washington's National Cathedral; Midnight Mass from Boys Town.

Midnight Mass (Sat. midnight, NBC). From St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Famous Film Festival (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Moira Shearer in *The Red Shoes*.

Football (Mon. 3:45 p.m., NBC). Los Angeles Rams v. Cleveland Browns, for the professional championship.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Frank Schofield in *The Second Day of Christmas*.

RADIO

Christmas 1955 (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). With Gregory Peck, Frank Sinatra, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 1:30 p.m., ABC). *Lohengrin*, with Sullivan, Steber.

Christmas Carols (Sat. 8:05 p.m., ABC). Choruses, glee clubs and choirs of U.S. industries.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). All-Tchaikovsky program, with Violinist Erica Morini.

ANACONDA ALUMINUM

Now Anaconda is pouring aluminum—120,000,000 pounds a year.

EXPANDING USES for aluminum have kept demand above supply. That is why Anaconda, producer of many nonferrous metals, became—on August 15—a major producer of primary aluminum.

Already the first ingots have been poured in Anaconda's new plant at Columbia Falls, Montana. Soon production will hit an annual rate of 120,000,000 pounds.

ANACONDA'S CONTRIBUTION: Anaconda approached aluminum with the thoroughness and imagination that brought it leadership in copper.

Anaconda metallurgists and pro-

duction experts scoured the world for advanced manufacturing techniques. As a result, the great new plant near Hungry Horse Dam is turning out commercial aluminum of the finest grade at a new low rate of power consumption.

WHERE WILL THE METAL GO? Part will go to the Anaconda Wire & Cable Company, already in production with a broad line of aluminum wire and cable for electrical purposes. Five strategically located mills make it available on a nationwide basis. Some will go to Anaconda's other subsidiary,

The American Brass Company, to become strips, sheets, tubes, rods, special shapes for industry. A big share will be sold to other manufacturers.

In aluminum, Anaconda follows the traditions of quality and service established in copper and its alloys for over 60 years. Whatever your problem in nonferrous metals, the *Man from Anaconda* can help you. See him soon. The Anaconda Company, 25 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.

ANACONDA®



Again in 1955...
for the sixth
consecutive year...
over a **BILLION**
DOLLARS of
private capital
went into
construction
in the
Gulf South*

There's a
place for **YOU**
and your industry
in this dynamic
area served by
United Gas.

*Source: Engineering News-Record.
Address inquiries to Industrial Development
Director, United Gas, Shreveport, Louisiana.

SILVER
ANNIVERSARY

UNITED GAS

25
YEARS

SERVING THE



Gulf South

UNITED GAS CORPORATION • UNITED GAS PIPE LINE COMPANY • UNION PRODUCING COMPANY

SCIENCE

Colder than Coldest

One of the firmest hitching posts in science is absolute zero, the temperature (-273°C , or 0°Kelvin) where vibratory motions of the atoms cease. Generations of physics students have been told that nothing can get colder than 0°K . It gave them a comfortable feeling that here at least was a final point beyond which they need not worry. Recently in Manhattan, Professor Norman F. Ramsey of Harvard University told a meeting of the American Ordnance Association about a new set of laws that must be worked out to deal with a temperature range that reaches below absolute zero.

Ordinary heat is motions of atoms or molecules, but when the motion has died away at 0°K , the nuclei of the atoms still have a property called "spin." Some spins have more energy than others, and the spinning nuclei can affect the spin of other nuclei near them. So high-energy spin can spread through a substance in much the same way that heat does. Low-energy spin can spread, too, so a substance whose atoms are motionless in the ordinary sense can still lose energy and cool below absolute zero.

The laws that govern spin temperatures at $-K$, are not for physics beginners, and ordinary rules of thermodynamics do not work. They lead to the incorrect conclusion that a heat engine operating below absolute zero can do work, e.g., produce mechanical energy, without affecting the temperature of the material that it is using as an energy source. Professor Ramsey proposes that one of the thermodynamics laws (among the most sacred in physics) be changed to preclude the possibility of a $-K$, perpetual-motion machine.

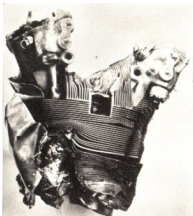
The Case of Flight 476

At 11:56 on the morning of last Aug. 4, American Airlines Flight 476, a Convair 240 with two 18-cylinder engines, took off from Springfield, Mo. headed for St. Louis. Twenty-one minutes later, at 12:17, the pilot called on the radio: "Does anybody read 476?" American's radio at Springfield acknowledged, but got no reply. The ground station in St. Louis and two other American airlines heard Flight 476 reporting a fire in No. 2 engine. Three minutes later one of the airliners heard: "Springfield, are you reading 476? We have a bad engine fire." That was the last message from Flight 476. Two minutes later (12:22) the stricken airplane, trailing flames and smoke, was seen heading for the Army field at Fort Leonard Wood. Just short of Runway 14 the right wing came off, and the airplane crashed in heavy timber, killing all passengers (27) and crew (three).

The scattered fragments had hardly cooled when Civil Aeronautics Board investigators arrived to inspect the wreckage. Last week the CAB was circulating its report on Flight 476: an example of the meticulous detective work that it does

to find the culprits, men or machines, responsible for every major airline crash. Since Jan. 1, 1954, it has analyzed 401 accidents to U.S. airplanes. Its sleuths have marked only one of them "cause undetermined."

Guilty Cylinder. At the scene of the crash of Flight 476, the CAB men searched out every scrap of wreckage. Then all parts that might be concerned with the accident were taken to American Airlines' Overhaul and Supply Depot at Tulsa, where the No. 2 (right-hand) engine, with its adjacent landing gear and wing struc-



National Bureau of Standards
CYLINDER No. 12 (ABOVE) & FLANGE
The cut corner was a hand-down.

ture was assembled in flight position. By this time the CAB detectives had a good notion where the trouble started, but they came to no decision until masses of evidence had been accumulated.

Suspicion pointed early to No. 12 cylinder, whose barrel had broken clear through. The CAB men sent the cylinder parts to the National Bureau of Standards, where laboratory examination showed several small fatigue cracks that had joined to form a single large crack one-third of the way around the cylinder. The steel itself proved sound, with no microscopic abnormalities that might have caused the cracks. So there must be other culprits.

The CAB detectives turned next to the cylinder's records, which must be kept

meticulously by every airline. Cylinder No. 12 had first been installed in the No. 18 position in another engine. After 1,052 hours of operation, eight of its hold-down studs had failed. The damage had been found on a routine inspection; the cylinder had been removed and sent to American's base at Tulsa.

Now suspicion pointed straight at the airline's inspectors at Tulsa. American Airlines' own rules require that any cylinder found with more than two studs broken must be scrapped or sent back to the manufacturer (in this case Pratt & Whitney), because such a failure indicates that the base may be warped. Another rule requires that the base flanges of all cylinders going through overhaul must be inspected for flatness with delicate instruments.

Visual Check. After prying into the records and questioning personnel, the CAB detectives found that both rules had been ignored. The flange had been checked only "visually" (by looking at it) before the cylinder was installed in No. 2 engine of the Convair that crashed as Flight 476. An airline inspector testified that this corner-cutting technique was "handed down" to him by a predecessor. The hand-down proved disastrous. When the flange, slightly bent by the earlier failure of its studs, was drawn tight on the second installation, the stresses set up in the steel must have caused fatigue cracks. The engine ran only six hours before the fire and crash. This conclusion was confirmed by Pratt & Whitney, which strained a brand-new cylinder by stud failure, installed it in an engine, and ran it on a test stand. A similar fatigue crack developed, and the cylinder failed in three hours.

CAB's reconstruction of the Flight 476 crash: the cylinder crack released an explosive mixture of gasoline and air, which was probably ignited by the hot exhaust manifold. The flames passed through the fire wall behind the cylinders, where they should have been stopped, and melted gas and oil lines, which released fresh fuel. The fire, now a roaring blowtorch, burned through the aluminum nacelle skin and heated the front wing spar. It failed, and the wing came off.

Already the CAB men had made one important point. They could not prove what was wrong with the fire wall, but something undoubtedly was. At once American Airlines started overhauling its entire fleet of Convairs, inspecting their fire walls and improving their fire detection and extinguishing devices.

The kind of corner-cutting that the inspector was guilty of is not likely to happen again. New rules now require that a cylinder that has had stud trouble must be mutilated so that it cannot be used again without a trip to the factory for careful rehabilitation. When the report on Flight 476 is circulated through airline bases, inspectors will think twice before cutting corners. But the CAB's detectives will not relax their vigilance. New airplanes have new weaknesses, which must be found and corrected. New accidents, even though fewer in number, will bring new problems for the detectives.

RELIGION

Minister Journalist

First reason for the vigorous intellectual leadership of the weekly *Christian Century* (circ. 38,500) is tough-minded, liberal Editor Charles Clayton Morrison, 81, who bought it in 1908 (when it had 600 readers) and made it into the trumpet voice of nondenominational Protestantism. Eight years ago Editor Morrison retired, leaving the magazine in the hands of his longtime managing editor, Paul Hutchinson. Editor Hutchinson is the second reason for the *Century's* success.

Methodist Minister Hutchinson (with a D.D. from both DePauw and Garrett Biblical Institute) joined the *Century* in 1924, after five years as editor of the *China Christian Advocate* in Shanghai, and ever since has been showing journalists what a minister can do in their field and ministers what a journalist can do in theirs. He has had his share of globe-trotting; his reports on Europe and other matters in *LIFE*, the *Saturday Review* and other magazines made him known to many readers who never even see a copy of the *Century*. His crisp, forceful editorials, his continued analysis of U.S. Protestantism have wielded potent influence, notably on the ecumenical movement that he championed.

Under his editorial rule, the *Century* has continued its liberal (religious and political) policies for disarmament and against "the fear psychosis" of McCarthyism. The *Century* has never hesitated to criticize Protestants (particularly for shallowness, overoptimism or bureaucracy), but it also bears down hard on some aspects of Catholicism. Sample: "The Roman Catholic Church, if it persists in wandering off after the fantasies of Mariolatry, will thereby make the task of

communicating and commending the Christian Gospel to this age very largely a Protestant responsibility."

Last week Editor Hutchinson, 65, announced that he was stepping down to devote all his time to writing. "I've been at it for 31 years and just thought I ought to take it easy now," he told a friend. "I've got a good team over there, and I know they can carry on without me."

Captain of the team will be Harold Fey (rhymes with sigh), 57, a Disciples of Christ minister who joined the *Century* in 1940, became managing editor in 1947 and executive editor in 1952. "I wish Hutchinson were going to continue, and that's the fact of the matter," he said last week. "All I can say is that I will make a pious resolution to do the best I can, and hope for a special endowment of grace from God."

Christ's Grandmother

A friend of Novelist Frances Parkinson Keyes was having trouble explaining to her little granddaughter the story of the Nativity. "I don't understand why Mary and Joseph had to go to a stable," said the child. "Why didn't they go to Grandma's?"

Inspired by this incident, Roman Catholic Author Keyes (a convert from Congregationalism in 1939) sent out a Christmas story to her friends titled *Our Lord Had a Grandmother, Too*. This warm, folksy meditation on the life of St. Anne, later reprinted in magazines, brought an avalanche of correspondence from Grandmother Anne's admirers, Protestant as well as Catholic.

Most of them echoed Author Keyes's own womanly questions about the saint: "Did she hear the 'good tidings of great joy' . . . from some kindly neighbor who came back to Nazareth before Mary and Joseph? . . . Did Jesus spend much time with her in the little house where the angel had announced His coming? Did she invite John to stay there, too, so that the small cousins would be company for each other? Was it she who taught Jesus to read?" Author Keyes decided to search out the answers, and the result is just published: *St. Anne, Grandmother of Our Saviour* (Messner: \$5).

Triple Family. Author Keyes feels that St. Anne "seems closer to Christ than any other saint and closer to us even than the Blessed Mother." However this may be, Anne is widely and warmly venerated. She is patron saint of Brittany and of the world's second most famous healing shrine (Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec). There are nearly 400 Roman Catholic churches dedicated to her in the U.S., plus many Episcopal churches.

The facts of her life are not to be found in the canonical books of the New Testament, but in the apocryphal *Lost Gospels*. The *Golden Legend* of Jacques de Voragine and other pious legends are filled with detail that Author Keyes draws on. St. Anne's birth, according to these ac-



The Louvre
ST. ANNE, MARY & JESUS⁹
Good tidings of great joy.

counts, was miraculously foretold to her mother and father, called by some Mathan and Maria; upon their couch appeared the Hebrew word *Anna* (grace) written in gold letters. She grew up and married a young man known as Joachim, whose name had an equally propitious meaning—"Preparation for the Saviour." Legend tells how Joachim was rebuked by the high priest for his childlessness after many years of marriage, then visited by an angel who foretold the birth of Mary, who was to be Mother of the Lord.

Some time between Mary's and Christ's childhood, Joachim apparently died; Christ's grandfather is rarely mentioned. An ancient tradition, no longer supported by the church, holds that Anne had three husbands, and there are many representations of Anne with what Author Keyes calls "her triple family"—technically known as the *Trinubium*. By each of her other two husbands—according to this version—she had another daughter called Mary, who bore the sons referred to in the Bible as Jesus' "brothers." Author Keyes points out that the Hebrews often used the word "brother" to designate "cousin," and "we do not need the theory of the *Trinubium* to find cousins among Our Lord's relatives."

Fruitful Vine. How did St. Anne feel when the Angel Gabriel announced that her virgin daughter was with child? Exalted, Author Keyes is sure, though she suspects Husband Joachim may have received the news "with feelings of more tempered happiness . . . a human father's natural concern for his daughter."

As to when St. Anne died, legend is silent. Where she was buried is a subject of pious argument. Author Keyes feels that Anne's tomb in the French city of Apt is the genuine resting place (for the major portion of her body, at least). There, in

* By Leonardo Da Vinci and pupils.



Arthur Siegel
PROTESTANT HUTCHINSON
Still a trumpet voice.

a hidden crypt under the cathedral's high altar, the great Emperor Charlemagne himself is said to have discovered her stone-sealed coffin in 801. Above this tomb is carved a tree branch, interlaced with a grapevine—a perfect illustration, Author Keyes observes, for the church's Litany to St. Anne:

St. Anne, Fruitful Vine . . . pray for us.

Words & Works

¶ The U.S. State Department presented the Russian Foreign Ministry with a sharply worded rejection of a Soviet proposal that would give Archbishop Boris of the Russian Orthodox Church permission to live permanently in the U.S., as administrative head of Russian Orthodoxy in North and South America. In return, the Russians had offered to permit Father Louis F. Dion, Assumptionist priest of Worcester, Mass., to replace Father Georges Bissonnette, expelled last March (TIME, March 14), who ministered to the American Roman Catholics in Moscow. There is no similarity, the U.S. note held, between Father Dion's "modest" functions and the powers sought for Boris.

¶ Before the sixth annual meeting of the National Council of Churches Division of Home Missions, the Rev. Willard M. Wickizer of Indianapolis predicted that if the ratio of church membership to population in the U.S. remains constant until 1975, Protestants will have to lay out some \$8 billion for the construction of 105,000 new church buildings. This will mean, said Dr. Wickizer, that for every new recruit to the ministry today there will have to be four in the near future. U.S. Protestants will also have to develop a new kind of pastor, geared to a greater proportion of older citizens and working wives. But this should not mean a tamer type of preaching, he warned: "It worries me that so many of our younger ministers feel that they must preach in a quiet and solemn voice with never a gesture, never a smile, never a change in cadence. It would be a relief if they would hit the pulpit just once . . ."

¶ A ten-member Commission on Marriage and Family Life appointed by the United Lutheran Church in America (largest U.S. Lutheran body, with some 2,225,000 of the 7,000,000 Lutherans in the U.S. and Canada) called for relaxation of the Lutheran attitude to divorce. The commission's report would supersede the code adopted in 1930, under which only "innocent" parties to divorce granted for adultery or desertion could be remarried—and not within a year of the divorce. "Our new stand," said the Rev. William C. Zimmern, chairman of the commission, "recognizes a more realistic view . . . It doesn't mean that a person will be permitted to marry the day after he obtains a divorce, but it will be easier for the church to look at the whole matter." The new position is "an attempt to reflect the Biblical teaching of marriage as a sexual union, and to put remarriage of divorced persons on a less legalistic basis and a different basis than guilt or innocence."

Prometheus Rebound

Walter Winchell, the grand old man of keyhole journalism, often writes as if Communism, cancer and the Cub Room were invented for his exclusive benefit. This week Winchell added Gutenberg to his preserve. He wrote: "The invention of the printing press represented a blessing for columnists—conceivably ranking with the discovery of fire for other mortals."

Dangerous Vacuum?

"It has been four months and eight days since President Eisenhower last met with the press to answer questions," wrote Columnist Roscoe Drummond in the New York Herald Tribune last week. Freeing

written, that is to say deliberate and fully informed, answers." Columnist David Lawrence also advocated the written-question method as a permanent change. "The press conference of today," he wrote, "is an ordeal to which no President should be subjected." He thought it was the "biggest single strain" borne by Eisenhower since entering the White House.

But veteran White House correspondents—and Press Secretary Hagerty—sharply disagreed with the pundits. They thought that Ike had come increasingly to enjoy the give-and-take of press conferences and to relax in the process. "It's not a strain on him," pooh-poohed Hagerty, "any more than it is on the reporters." The idea of submitting questions in



PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFERENCE (AUGUST 1955)
Just as much of a strain for the reporters.

United Press

Ike from the strain of press conferences has been justified, said Drummond, but by now the absence of direct contact between President and press has created a "dangerous vacuum"—harmful to the President, the public and the functioning of the Government. Drummond suggested that Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams might hold weekly press conferences until Ike is ready, or that Presidential Press Secretary James C. Hagerty could accept a weekly sheaf of written questions for the President to answer.

Next day Pundit Walter Lippmann suggested that the written-question method be made a permanent part of Ike's conferences when he resumes them. Answers could be prepared by executive departments and "edited" by White House aides. "Even before the President's illness," argued Lippmann, "it was fair to argue that the oral questions and answers were not sufficiently informing—especially on intricate matters—and that they needed to be supplemented by written questions and

writing (as newsmen did for Presidents from Wilson to Hoover) sent a shudder through the press corps at Gettysburg. "You might as well get speeches out of a guy," said Hagerty. "How many do you answer? The system never worked before, and I don't see why it ever would." Said Francis ("Stevie") Stephenson of the New York Daily News: "Under that system a President can answer just what he feels like and ignore the tough questions."

Drummond's "dangerous vacuum" failed to excite much concern in Gettysburg. At week's end, Press Secretary Hagerty told newsmen that Ike would begin holding press conferences again (though how regularly is not yet decided) "shortly after the first of the year."

Wisdom

The first issue of *Wisdom*, a glossy "class magazine for the masses," went out to charter subscribers last week. In Beverly Hills, Calif., Editor and Publisher Leon Guterman, 39, an ex-movie pressagent,

claimed that his new monthly (\$7.50 a year) already had 150,000 subscribers. The magazine has about 100 backers, who put up \$1,000,000, according to Gutterman. Intended to popularize the wisdom of the ages in words and pictures, *Wisdom* in its first issue carries such bylines as Dwight D. Eisenhower, Bertrand Russell, Mohandas K. Gandhi and Henry Ford II. Their pieces have all appeared elsewhere as essays, book chapters or speeches, but Gutterman plans to run some original pieces in future issues.

Crows & Gulls

When word spread that President Eisenhower would like to "go out and shoot some crows" during his Gettysburg sojourn, the President got a respectful but disapproving letter from the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Old Crows." Copies also reached news-hungry wire-service correspondents at Gettysburg, and soon the deadpan stories were going out on U.P. and I.N.S. wires. Last week—as once before (TIME, Sept. 7, 1953)—the crows were coming home to roost: into the office of the society (which consists of a pressagent for National Distillers' Old Crow whisky) flew more than 500 clippings showing how the wise old bird had made gulls of the Washington *Post* and *Times Herald*, the Boston *Daily Record* and other papers all over the U.S.

Randolph the Gadfly

Sons of great men bear the handicap of comparison with their fathers. And Sir Winston Churchill's son Randolph has been more handicapped than most. In his headlong rush to get out of the great man's shadow, Randolph Frederick Edward Spencer Churchill has flopped spectacularly in politics, succeeded only erratically in journalism, and earned such labels as "rampant Randolph" and "England's answer to Elliot Roosevelt." But in the last two years, Randolph Churchill, now 44, has been emerging in a role all his own as the sharpest, scrappiest critic of Britain's wayward press.

Last week some of the toughest hides on Fleet Street were smarting cruelly from Churchill's thrusts. It was Randolph who punctured the inaccuracies in a series on his father begun (and abruptly dropped) by the *Daily Mail* (TIME, Dec. 12). Next to feel the sting was the *Sunday Pictorial* (circ. 5,466,255), whose blatant stories about a modern "virgin birth" created an uproar in the whole British press, until Journalist Churchill, under his frequent pen name, Pharo, in the weekly *Spectator*, exposed the fact that the hard-boiled *Pic* had been taken in by a prankster. Then Randolph needed the Kemsley *Sunday Graphic* for announcing, but never printing, a "revealing, exciting, touching" series called "Those Churchill Girls." The reason the series never saw print, suggested Randolph in the *Spectator*, lay in a telegram he had sent to Lord Kemsley (family name: Berry), reading in part: WONDER WHETHER I COULD HAVE YOUR COOPERATION FOR SERIES I AM PLANNING FOR "DAILY MIRROR" AND GLASGOW "DAILY



Terence Le Goubin

CRITIC CHURCHILL
"I'm a naughty tease."

RECORD" ENTITLED "THOSE BERRY GIRLS" . . . WARMEST REGARDS TO YOU AND ALL THE BERRY GIRLS.

Dog Don't Eat Dog. Though Randolph carries on a special vendetta against what he regards as the invasion of his own family's privacy, he campaigns outspokenly in columns, speeches and letters to the editor against all that riles him about British journalism, from the accent on sex and crime in the "popular" press (which led him to brand the press lords "important pornographers and criminologists"), to the smugness of the august *Times*.

Randolph takes on all comers. When most dailies ignored his speeches attacking "the river of pornography" in the press, he printed the talks in a shilling pamphlet called "What I Said About the Press." Later he stung the Press Council, the British newspapers' own watchdog on press ethics, into scolding *Daily Sketch* Editor Herbert Gunn for changing an adverse criticism of a movie that his wife helped make into a favorable review. By then Randolph was busily battling the trade weekly, *World's Press News* for suppressing the story of that dispute because, wrote Randolph, its boss is a cousin of Lord Rothermere, owner of the *Daily Sketch*.

Randolph's one-man campaign is a flagrant breach in the conspiracy of courtesy that by long tradition keeps Fleet Street mum about its own foibles. "It is a curious thing," he has written, "that wealthy men who own papers set themselves up to criticize every kind of institution, but they themselves are the one institution which is totally immune from criticism . . . Dog don't eat dog. That is one of the reasons why some of the London press is so bad."

Natural Gifts. As a boy under a dotting father's eye, Randolph was taught to air his opinions. He sat at the family table, often monopolizing conversation and con-

tradicting distinguished visitors. As he grew older, handsome young Churchill's assurance was taken successively for brashness, arrogance, and what the *Sunday Observer* called his "natural gifts in the unfashionable art of rudeness." After Eton and 18 months at Oxford, his assurance helped him pull off a seven-month, \$12,500, U.S. lecture tour at the age of 19. It also helped him to lose six elections for Parliament from 1935 to 1951; the only time Randolph managed to get into Commons was during the wartime political truce, when the Conservative Party let him have an uncontested seat.

Randolph shone most brightly in a recklessly courageous military career: he jumped into Yugoslavia as a parachutist with a Commando unit, also served in North Africa and Italy, reached the rank of major. He covered the Korean war for the *Daily Telegraph*, managed to rub most of his fellow correspondents the wrong way until the day he returned from a patrol action with a half-dollar-sized shrapnel hole in his shin and coolly dictated a dispatch.

Attacking the press fits Randolph's taste and temperament. "I'm a naughty tease," he admitted last week in his 20-room, seven-bath Essex farmhouse, where he lives with his second wife and their daughter, Arabella, 6. (His son Winston II, 15, is at Eton.) "I like to attack rich and powerful people. I like to do things the hard way." In the *Spectator*, in a signed weekly column for Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* and by freelancing, Randolph plays his role of gadfly. His cause, and the lusty Churchillian way he fights it, has gained him new respect in Fleet Street. Said an editor: "He's done a lot of good. He's saying things that should be said."

New Daily, Old Complaint

Not since a prolonged strike of the New York Newspaper Guild drove the Brooklyn *Eagle* out of business nine months ago, have almost 3,000,000 borough-proud Brooklynites had a daily newspaper they could call their own. Last week the Brooklyn *Daily*, after five modest years as a neighborhood paper, took on new staffers and features (including some from the *Eagle*), and expanded to fill a borough-wide role. But it promptly ran into labor trouble. The independent Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union called a boycott to force the new paper to break its distribution contracts and to employ the union directly instead.

In the crisis, printers and reporters drove their own cars to the plant, loaded up with papers and carried them to drop-off points around Brooklyn. But there the bundles languished on the sidewalks; union members working for distributors would not handle them. Co-Publishers Albert and Sidney Klass, the brothers who started their paper as a weekly 18 years ago, asked for an injunction against the boycott so they could get on with their plan of boosting the *Daily's* circulation from 25,000 to an initial borough-wide 100,000.



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Terry Automotive Supply
Dallas, Texas

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STATE OF BUSINESS

The Scarcities of Plenty

Out of the white heat of U.S. steel mills last week rolled 2,413,000 net tons of steel, 100% of the biggest steel capacity in the nation's history. Despite this massive output, builders, manufacturers and processors all over the U.S. shouted for more and more steel. On building sites, in laboratories and around the plants of the steel users, there were more engineers on the job, at higher pay, than ever before. Nevertheless, employers were using every enticement from fine wines to fancy titles in an effort to lure more engineers onto their payrolls.

For the next two years, predicted General Electric's Ralph Cordner last week, the growth of the U.S. economy will be hampered, not by any lack of markets, but by shortages of raw materials. To help fill the expected demand for his own products, Cordner announced that G.E. will spend \$500 million to expand in the next three years.

Steel and engineers are only the most dramatic examples of shortages in man-made materials and man-trained men. There are not enough highways, schoolrooms, railroad coal gondolas, high-quality bed sheets, houses, parking places, ladies' electric razors or Lincoln Continental Mark IIs (there is a waiting list in Hous-

ton, where the delivered price is \$10,700). There are shortages of scrap metal, aluminum, copper, newsprint, canned salmon, seats on airlines from Manhattan to Miami, and selenium.* There are too few salesmen, secretaries, schoolteachers, die-makers, loom fixers, machine-tool operators, mechanics, household servants.

Positive Pressures. In the past, scarcity has more often than not gone hand in hand with negative forces—the depressing weight of poverty or the destruction of war. The scarcities that bother the U.S. today are born of the positive forces: population and prosperity.

Since 1940, the population of the U.S. has gone up 26%, from 132 million to 166 million. In the same period, the annual gross national product has been pushed up 286%, from \$101.4 billion to \$391.5 billion. Such a massive increase in goods and services might seem to be enough to take care of the increased population, but a third factor makes a difference. Since 1940, personal income in the U.S. has risen a spectacular 293%, from \$78.3 billion to \$307.5 billion.

A Sellout. The push to find more and better methods of producing more and

* A nonmetallic element that is a byproduct of electrolytic refining of blister copper, used by the electronics industry to coat rectifiers and for photoelectric cells.

better products is a major factor in the current demand for engineers. Georgia Tech's placement bureau, which will be sold out of 1956 graduates by May, is already taking orders for the class of 1957. The demand has led to a story of the civil engineer who, tired of using a transit for the state highway department, went to work for a major oil company. Three months later he was back asking for his old job. The new job had been fine, he said, "but I couldn't stand having those talent scouts from the aircraft industry and the chemical plants follow me home every night."

The shortage of qualified personnel is by no means confined to such technical men. There is also a shortage of good salesmen and secretarial help. Said an employment-agency executive in Dallas: "It's hard to locate just the kind of jobs these young ladies seem to be looking for these days. Either the pay's too low, or the boss of their section is already married, or the company cafeteria serves lousy food, or there's only two weeks' vacation after one year."

If it continues to flourish, the U.S. economy can gradually eliminate many of the shortages of 1955. As part of the effort to solve its awesome shortage of highways, New York state last week opened a new, three-mile bridge across the Hudson River's Tappan Zee, 18 miles north of Manhattan, bringing near to completion the longest single express highway in the world, the 427-mile, \$1 billion Buffalo-to-Manhattan thruway. Even the shortage of highways may some day be solved, impossible as that may seem.

But a growing, progressing economy, solving one shortage, will produce others in the process. By the time the selenium shortage is whipped, there may well be a scarcity of some new item, not yet discovered.

INSURANCE

New Scandal in Texas

After a series of scandals in 1954, Texas finally got fed up with the worst insurance regulations in the nation, passed 23 new laws to plug loopholes. Last week, for all its trouble, Texas was rocked by the worst scandal in the state's checkered insurance history.

One of its biggest insurance companies, U.S. (for "United Services") Trust & Guaranty, was padlocked by the courts, and 128,000 investors and policy holders, mostly in low-income groups, were faced with a loss of more than \$5,000,000. Said Texas Insurance Commission Chairman Garland F. Smith: "I don't know any bankruptcy in the history of Texas that will affect more people. It's hard to sleep, thinking about those people who lost their money."

But victims thought Smith and the commission had been dozing for months while the company's troubles piled up. It



HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE AT TAPPAN ZEE
One item leads to another.

Associated Press

TIME CLOCK

was founded by Albert Benton Shoemaker, 59, a Waco insurance promoter, who had gone broke with another insurance company in 1938. In 1945 he founded U.S. Trust & Guaranty under an old Texas law that permitted him to charter an insurance company to handle some banking too, thereby duck regular bank-examiners' inspections. His insurance charter should have been issued only after he filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. But U.S. Trust & Guaranty never took out a corporate license. Shoemaker promised 5% returns on "certified drafts," claimed that these deposits were 100% backed with cash reserves and investments. To plug his company, he hired Columnist Drew Pearson on TV ("You can put your trust in U.S. Trust"). Last June, the insurance commission discovered that U.S. Trust & Guaranty could not account for \$300,000 of funds taken in. Furthermore, it was \$1.5 million in the red. Rather than expose the company's condition and bring on a run by depositors, the commission quietly told Shoemaker to put his business in order.

Instead, charged the commission, Shoemaker set up the Arkansas Fire and Marine Insurance Co., fed it some of U.S. Trust & Guaranty's assets. Last week, as the Texas attorney general threw U.S. Trust & Guaranty into temporary receivership, he charged Shoemaker with "manipulating accounts to create a false appearance of solvency," and turned up with a shocking fact: while the State Insurance Commission waited for Shoemaker to tidy up his business, more than \$4,000,000 had disappeared, and the company was now \$5,000,000 in the red.

CORPORATIONS

Into Lamb's Fold

To the executives of Seiberling Rubber Co. of Akron, something ominous seemed to be going on last summer in the corporation's stock. Ordinarily inactive, Seiberling shares were moving up on the New York Stock Exchange in a way that indicated someone was buying large blocks. The someone turned out to be Edward Lamb of Toledo, a left-wing labor lawyer turned business tycoon who has amassed a \$30 million empire (24 companies, six radio and TV stations, a newspaper). When the worried second generation of Seiberlings invited Lamb in for a chat last October, he appeared, but said little. That was the last they saw of Lamb.

Last week the Seiberlings heard from Lamb again with dismay; he announced that he held 100,000 of the company's 391,430 shares of common stock, giving him effective control. The entire board of directors, including the three Seiberlings, held only 20,000 shares in April, have been buying more since; the No. 2 stockholder after Lamb has only 15,000.

Seiberling Rubber—eighth biggest U.S.

COTTON-CROP SUPPORTS will drop below 90% of parity next year (probably to 80%) for the first time in 13 years. With an 8,000,000-bale store already in Government hands and a bumper 14,663,000-bale crop moving into the glutted market, farmers voted 13-to-1 for 1956 crop quotas to make the best of a poor bargain.

G.M.'S AEROTRAIN will be delivered to the New York Central and Pennsylvania railroads early next month. Both railroads will make exhibition runs of the low-slung, lightweight, 100-m.p.h. Aerotrains for three weeks, then return them to G.M. for tune-ups. On May 1 the 400-passenger, \$600,000 trains will go into service.

HENRY KAISER will borrow \$95 million from private banks to retire all outstanding debts of Willlys and Kaiser Motors Corp. (including \$13.3 million owed the Government). To do so, Kaiser will bring his automaking, construction, steel, cement, aluminum and home-building companies under one giant company to be known as Kaiser Industries Corp.

LIFE INSURANCE CENSUS, first in industry history, has been completed by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center. Findings: 115 million Americans (seven out of ten) own life insurance.

MISSILE BLOWUP between scientists and aeronautical engineers at Lockheed has brought the resignation of Physicist Dr. Ernst H. Krause, missiles research laboratories director, and a score of other top scientists. Lieut. General (ret.) Elwood R. Quesada quit as vice president for missiles six weeks ago. To replace Krause, Lockheed promoted topflight Physicist Louis Ridenour, promised to keep its \$32 million missile program going without interruption.

UNION'S RIGHT to inspect an employer's books will be decided for the first time by the U.S. Supreme

rubber company—has not been doing well. Lacking the assured market enjoyed by big companies that sell directly to automakers, it has had to depend instead on chancy replacement sales. In 1954 Seiberling sales dropped 15% below 1953 to \$35.7 million, its net earnings 79% to \$215,789, and its common-stock earnings from \$2.10 in 1953 to 2¢ per share. The company has started diversifying into plastics, and 1955 looks like a better year, with sales of \$34 million and earnings of \$834,000 in the first nine months. Said Lamb last week: "Seiberling affords a great opportunity for further expansion and development. We have not, however, made any suggestions of any kind concerning the management."

Capitalist Lamb's coup at Seiberling came on the heels of another victory. A fortnight ago, following 15 months of hearings and 2,000,000 words of testi-

Court. A Federal Appeals Court overturned a National Labor Relations Board ruling that a Greensboro, N.C. steelmaker must open his books to a bargaining committee, and NLRB is appealing.

BRITAIN-CHINA TRADE in strategic goods will be resumed if the Eden government can find a diplomatic way to withdraw from the Allied committee that enforces the embargoes. It argues that the Korean war-imposed embargoes applied to Red China only, thus is not stopping strategic goods, because China can have Russia purchase them for her.

FIRST SYNTHETIC RUBBER plant to be privately financed since the war will be built by El Paso Natural Gas Co. (TIME, Dec. 5) and General Tire & Rubber Co. In its first venture into the chemical industry, El Paso will feed natural gasoline, butane and propane into a \$30 million plant at Odessa, Texas, and General Tire will convert the materials into synthetic rubber.

FREIGHT-RATE INCREASE is in the offing. A presidential fact-finding committee has recommended a 16½% hourly package increase for 750,000 nonoperating employees (their present average hourly pay: \$1.78). To offset rising wage and material costs, U.S. railroads will ask the Interstate Commerce Commission to okay a 7% freight-rate boost.

SMALL LOANS will be stepped up by the Export-Import Bank. To help U.S. businessmen sell U.S. goods abroad, the bank will lend as little as \$5,000 if the exporter has a customer who cannot arrange for private bank financing.

DIXON-YATES POWER GROUP has gone to court to collect \$3,534,778 from the Government for out-of-pocket expenses in connection with its contract to build \$107 million power plant for the Atomic Energy Commission.

mony (TIME, March 21), an FCC examiner cleared Lamb of charges that he had "closely associated" with Communists in earlier years, recommended that his license to operate WICU-TV in Erie, Pa. be renewed.

RAILROADS

When Friends Fall Out

Not even his feud with the "damn bankers" caused Railroadier Bob Young more trouble than his fight with a onetime associate named Randolph Phillips. Last week the Young-Phillips battle reached such a pitch that Young cried out in exasperation: "It's criminal. There ought to be a way to make Phillips pay for all the trouble." Grinned Phillips: "We stopped Young."

Young was indeed stopped, at least temporarily, in the use of the most powerful

COMPANY CONFERENCES

The Perils of Table-Sitting

ONCE upon a time, so the story goes, a businessman had a nightmare. He was forced to watch helplessly while production was slowly strangled because of company conferences. Everyone, from vice presidents to foremen, was so busy conferring that no one had time to do any work. When the businessman awoke, he found the nightmare was real. His company was indeed paralyzed by too many conferences. His solution: a conference to do something about conferences.

As U.S. business has grown bigger and more complex, it has become increasingly hard for executives to make decisions individually; more and more they tend to rely on conferences. Now many businessmen wonder whether management-by-conference has not been carried too far. Says a New York executive: "They keep you so busy 'familiarizing' you with the 'problems of the other fellow' that you don't have the time to solve your own." A manager of a big Eastern manufacturing plant guesses that he spends 65% of his time in conferences. How much of it is usefully spent? Says he bitterly: "None." Not long ago a Manhattan management consultant flew to St. Louis for an important conference, found that nobody knew who had called it or why.

Despite all the jeering and complaints, most businessmen agree that in a complex, highly diversified company, conferences are essential. Says Board Chairman Frederick C. Crawford of Thompson Products, Inc.: "Companies that have decentralized, as we have, have run into the problem of communications between divisions. Conferences have become increasingly important to us." Says Boeing Airplane Co.'s Senior Vice President Wellwood E. Beall: conferences can be "good for morale and give an increased sense of participation in policymaking." Furthermore, decisions made by a group in which everyone understands the "why" of the decision have a better chance of being carried out as intended.

But one big danger is that conferences will be used, not to reach decisions, but to put them off. When a man runs up against a sticky problem there is always the temptation for him to appoint a committee or call a conference to get him off the hook. Says New York Management Consultant Everett Smith: "The average individual is as happy as a clam to hide behind a committee." A variation of the decision-postponing conference is the loaded conference. This is called after

an executive has already buttonholed the conferees, thus assured himself that they are in agreement with him. Then a time-wasting formal conference is called, simply to hedge the executive against criticism should his decision later turn out to be wrong.

Other conference faults are poor preparation and direction. Often a group meets before anyone has studied the subject, and the discussion is allowed to wander. Says Trans World Airlines' President Ralph Damon: "The temptation is to wrangle about something affecting only two or three men."

To avoid these pitfalls, some companies have adopted what is virtually a conference manager. Standard Oil Co. of California, for example, got worried about the problem about twelve years ago, and put Conference Organizer Lewis Purkey to work on it. Says Purkey: "It took me and my staff three weeks just to find out how many committees we had and what they were supposed to do. We found that we had about 200." Purkey set up stringent rules governing the forming of committees and running of conferences. Now every new committee must have a written outline stating its purposes before it can be formed and must convince Purkey that the purposes are worthwhile. When a committee's useful life is ended, it must disband. Discussions at meetings are held closely to the problem. Furthermore, only the board of directors and the executive committee have authority to make group decisions; every other conference group reports to an individual executive, and he alone makes decisions and takes the responsibility. As a result of Purkey's pruning, Standard's committee count is now down to 57.

Pacific Gas & Electric Co. prefers more informality. It lets conferences ramble a little, on the theory that this gets minds working and ideas flowing. Says Executive Engineer James Moulton: "There are a lot of things that an executive doesn't want to put down in writing. A man will often say things that may not be sound or serious just to stimulate someone else." But like Standard, P.G.&E. puts the job of making decisions squarely on the shoulders of individual executives.

While there are still executives who yearn for the old days, when the boss gave orders and everyone else carried them out, there is no doubt that conferences are likely to become even more solidly established as a handy management tool—if wisely used.

financial weapon at his command, the Alleghany Corp., a railroad holding company. By purchasing Alleghany in 1937, Young was able to get control of the Chesapeake & Ohio. Later, Alleghany supplied the funds that Young lent to those impecunious oil millionaires, Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson, so that they could buy Central stock to vote in Young's favor in the proxy fight.

So long as Alleghany was considered as a carrier under the Interstate Commerce Commission regulations, Young had a fairly free hand to use its treasury for such financial dealings. But a month ago Young had this freedom clipped. A Federal Court ruled that Alleghany belonged under the jurisdiction of the Securities and Exchange Commission, whose strict rules would probably have prevented Young from using the company as he had. Last week, as Young pondered an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, he reluctantly registered Alleghany under SEC.

No Plum. Phillips, a onetime financial reporter, first went to work for Young as financial consultant to Alleghany, helped plan the strategy that won his boss the Central. But barely was the Central bagged before the two fell out. According to Young, Phillips cockily anticipated a prize plum in the new Central setup; when Young instead offered to get him a partnership in a brokerage house, Phillips stalked out. Phillips, however, says he resigned because he considered Young's use of Alleghany funds in the Central fight to be "improper," although he apparently did not reach this decision until after they quarreled.

In any case, Phillips' first step was to team up with Carl Bresnick, a New York City real-estate man and Alleghany stockholder, who is also an old hand at suing corporations. Young's version is that the two met accidentally: as Phillips walked out of Young's office in a rage last year, he noticed a sandwich man picketing 277 Park Avenue, an apartment building owned by the New York Central. The placard said: "Central is unfair to tenants." Phillips tracked down the sandwich man's employer, says Young, and found Bresnick, who was vexed with Young because he had been turned down as renting agent for 277 Park. Phillips says this is romantic nonsense, insists that Bresnick is an old friend.

First Opportunity. A few months later, Phillips and Bresnick saw their first opportunity in a suit filed by Manhattan Lawyer Abraham L. Pomerantz, who has won fame and fortune by suing big corporations for small stockholders (TIME, May 22, 1950). Pomerantz, on behalf of a number of small Alleghany stockholders, had accused Young of misusing funds in the Central fight, and Young and his associates had agreed to turn over \$700,000 to Alleghany as its share of profits on Central stock. To expedite this out-of-court agreement, Young and Pomerantz pressed to have all the stockholder suits consolidated so that one settlement would cover all. Phillips, however, saw beyond a mere cash payment to Young's real worry: if Alle-

ghany was forced from under ICC's lenient regulation to the more severe SEC's, Young's power could be clipped, Phillips and Bresnick, who were also suing Young for misuse of Alleghany funds, therefore refused to agree to the consolidated settlement in order to keep the issue in litigation. They won their point in court, and had the satisfaction of hearing a federal judge castigate Young *et al.* for a "patently frivolous" attitude toward the law.

Third Move. The Phillips-Bresnick team had put another burr under Young. They set up the Protective Committee for Common Stockholders of the Alleghany Corp. and nominated a four-man slate of opposition "watchdog" directors.

But Phillips' third move—to force Alleghany under SEC—was the most decisive of all. Actually, Young himself unwittingly supplied the opening. Last year, as SEC and ICC began a slow-motion, bureaucratic contest for jurisdictional control of Alleghany, Young decided to put through a recapitalization scheme for Alleghany's preferred stock. He wanted to clear up arrears on the preferred so that dividends could eventually be paid common stockholders—including himself and his backer, Allan P. Kirby. ICC approved the recapitalization, but Phillips promptly went to court as an affected stockholder.

He got a temporary injunction on the ground that the ICC-approved stock plan was invalid because Alleghany belonged under SEC. He had the satisfaction of hearing a special three-judge Federal Court unanimously uphold him, set aside the ICC-blessed recapitalization as "null and void," and rule that Alleghany belonged under SEC.

When Bob Young filed under SEC last week, he explained that it was only in the hope of getting his recapitalization plan approved while he appeals the whole matter. But his chances of winning the fight against Phillips looked dim.



FINANCIER PHILLIPS
He stopped Young.

Marjorie Holmes

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Edward Vernon Rickenbacker, who 20 years ago took over sick little Eastern Air Lines (some 20 planes) and made it the industry's most consistent moneymaker (profits for 1955's first half: \$4,200,000), signed up for another ten years as Eastern's chairman and general manager. Since he had reached retirement age (65) two months ago, Captain Eddie could have stepped out and collected about \$30,000 yearly in pension and consultant's fee. But Eastern is well into the biggest expansion program in its history (\$350 million for fleets of new piston, turboprop and jet airliners), and wanted to keep Captain Eddie around to handle it.

¶ Nicholas M. Schenck, 72, last cinemogul to head a major film company continuously from the silent movies to CinemaScope, stepped from president and chief executive officer to board chairman of Loew's Inc. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Manhattan radio station WGM, M-G-M records, etc.). Loew's new boss: Arthur Marcus Loew, 58, whose father founded the original theater chain (which by U.S. court order is now a separate company) and merged three fledgling movie-makers into M-G-M. Arthur Loew attended Alexander Hamilton Institute and New York University ('18), enlisted in the Navy in World War I, found no mogul's job in the family firm when he got back, created the export department that now brings in some 40% of Loew's yearly income from films.

¶ Downing Bland Jenks, 40, moved up from executive vice president to president of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad (14th largest), succeeding John Dow Farrington, who continues as chief executive officer in the new position of board chairman. Yalman ('37) Jenks helped operate military railroads in Africa, Italy and Germany in World War II, was general manager of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois before Farrington brought him to the Rock Island in 1950.

¶ David Garrett Hill, 53, was elected president and chief executive officer of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. to succeed Harry B. Higgins, who was named board chairman upon the retirement of Clarence M. Brown. A native of Pittsburgh and Cornell graduate ('24), Hill went to work for Pittsburgh Plate when it was changing from old-fashioned pot-casting to continuous tank methods. As general superintendent, he helped develop such new products as laminated glass, climbed steadily to glass-manufacturing vice president.

¶ Harold L. Pearson, 52, lost his \$42,500-a-year job as president of the Air Transport Association after six months in office. Pearson's highhanded running of A.T.A. threatened the prestige of the scheduled airlines that make up the organization; e.g., he threatened to pull airline advertising out of a newspaper that editorialized against airplane noise. Pearson's successor: Stuart G. Tipton, 45, A.T.A.'s general counsel.



WATCHMAKER LEHMKUHL
He changed to U.S. Time.

INDUSTRY

Self-Winder

Salesmen of U.S. Time Corp. use a surprising trick to sell the company's watches. They take the watches off their wrists and calmly throw them on customers' floors to show how shock-resistant the watches are. The toughness comes partly from bearings of Armalloy, an extremely hard alloy that U.S. Time uses in place of jewels. Says President Joakim Lehmkuhl: "A jeweled watch can be a piece of junk just as a non-jeweled watch can. With the modern metal alloys available, the role of jewels is much overemphasized."

Last week U.S. Time, the world's biggest producer of watches, announced a new line of self-winding, Armalloy-bearing watches that can be thrown not only on floors but also against Swiss competition. Starting with an output of 1,500 a day, U.S. Time will enter a field shunned by almost all U.S. manufacturers. Up till now the Swiss, whose low labor costs let them make jeweled movements more cheaply than American producers can, have dominated the U.S. self-winder market. Lehmkuhl hopes to capture one-third of it by selling his watches for \$14.95, roughly half the price of comparable Swiss watches.

Having thus sounded U.S. Time's alarm bell abroad, Lehmkuhl also tossed a challenge at General Electric Co., now the leading U.S. producer of electric clocks. U.S. Time started turning out its first electric clocks last week, aiming at a total of 3,500 a day by the end of this month.

With its new line, U.S. Time, which grossed about \$60 million for the year ended April 30, 1955, will swell production to well over 4,000,000 wrist watches this year, including Timex and Ingersoll brands, Davy Crockett and Mickey Mouse watches, all Sears, Roebuck's Tower brand and all Boy Scout watches. U.S. Time

watches sell for \$22.95 or under because, says Lehmkuhl, "since there are more Chevies and Fords on the road than Cadillacs and Lincolns, the well-made, low-priced watch will be dominating the market for some years."

The Ingersoll Man. It has been dominating Lehmkuhl's company for about 60 years. Founded in the mid-19th century as the Waterbury Clock Co., it tick-tocked along comfortably in Connecticut's Naugatuck River Valley until 1892. Then a mail-order promoter named Robert H. Ingersoll picked up a doughnut-sized (1 in. thick) Waterbury pocket watch, decided that it could be mass-marketed for a dollar. It was so gigantic a success that Theodore Roosevelt, hunting in Africa, found himself identified not as U.S. President but as "the man from the land where Ingersolls are made."

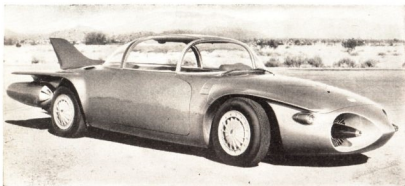
When Promoter Ingersoll overwound and broke his financial mainspring in the

Time now has five plants, including one in Dundee, Scotland, to take advantage of cheaper European labor for competition in European markets. But Lehmkuhl, now 60, has not forgotten Ingersoll's lesson on mass-marketing. Says he: "How happy we all would be if everything we needed could be bought for one-third the price we have become used to."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Turbine Auto. General Motors Corp. has built a four-passenger successor to its experimental gas-turbine car, the Firebird. The Firebird II's engine, said President Harlow Curtice, "gives promise of being able to operate with substantially the same economy as present-day automotive piston engines." Instead of wasting the tremendous blast of heat that comes out of the back of the engine, the Fire-



G.M.'s GAS TURBINE FIREBIRD II
A kick from the rear.

early '20s, Waterbury bought his name and took over marketing of the Ingersoll watch. Waterbury fell on hard times itself during the Depression, but pulled itself out largely by making the Mickey Mouse watch.

Ski Flight. World War II pushed the company into military work and brought it President Lehmkuhl, a Norwegian with degrees from Harvard and MIT, who had returned to Norway to set up a thriving export-import business, later headed the board of an anti-Nazi newspaper. When Hitler invaded Norway in 1940, Lehmkuhl and his family fled. They skied some 100 miles from Oslo, over the mountains to the sea, got aboard a fishing smack and later a tramp steamer, which took them to England. Lehmkuhl found that Britain, whose watch industry had been crippled by cheap German imports, was badly in need of mechanical timing fuses for anti-aircraft and artillery shells. The British gave him big orders, which he took overseas to the Waterbury Clock Co. With the backing of Norwegian capital he invested in the company, organized its switch to war production, including gyroscopes and other precision instruments.

In 1942 Lehmkuhl became the company's president, and two years later changed its name to U.S. Time Corp. U.S.

bird recaptures about 80% of it by means of a heat exchanger, uses it to raise the temperature of intake air and thus improve combustion. G.M. does not plan to produce the titanium-bodied Firebird II, but it will be exhibited at G.M.'s Motorama, which starts its tour next month in Manhattan.

Steel Inspector. To find microscopic holes in strip steel before it is made into tin cans, General Electric Co. has developed a gadget that shines a powerful light on the strip to make pinholes show up. The detector can find holes less than the diameter of a human hair while the strip runs by at 2,000 ft. a minute.

Chocolate Straws. A drinking straw that turns plain milk into chocolate milk has been put on the market by Los Angeles' Frontier Foods Corp. The Flav-v-Straw contains a strip of sugarless chocolate that dissolves in the milk passing through. Frontier Foods plans soon to add strawberry and root-beer flavors. Price: 23¢ a dozen.

Meat Preserver. To keep poultry, beef and other meats fresh for several days without refrigeration, American Cyanamid Co. has developed a product called Acronize. It contains a minute amount of aureomycin, an antibiotic. Applied to meat, it stops the early growth of bacteria, main cause of food spoilage.

MILESTONES

Born. To Lewis Hoad, 21, Australian Davis Cup star, and Jennifer Staley, 21, one of Australia's topflight women tennis players: their first child, a daughter; in Melbourne. Name: Jane.

Born. To Ann Blyth, 27, cinemactress (*Kismet*), and Dr. James McNulty, 37, obstetrician: their second child, first daughter; in Los Angeles. Name: Maureen Ann. Weight: 7 lbs. 3 oz.

Married. Hironoshin ("The Flying Fish of Fujiyama") Furuhashi, 27, Japan's onetime record-breaking long-distance swimmer, holder of the world's 1,500-meter mark (*TIME*, Aug. 29, 1949); and Keiko Okada, 21; in Tokyo.

Died. Major General (ret.) Frank Dow Merrill, 52, leader of World War II's jungle-fighting "Merrill's Marauders"; of a heart attack; in Fernandina Beach, Fla. (see *HEART AFFAIRS*).

Died. Dorothy Park Benjamin Caruso, 62, U.S.-born widow of great Tenor Enrico Caruso, author of *Enrico Caruso, His Life and Death*; of cancer; in Baltimore.

Died. Homer ("The Musical Missionary") Rodheaver, 75, trombone-playing musical director for 22 years for the late Evangelist Billy Sunday, composer of gospel songs (*Then Jesus Came*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Winona Lake, Ind.

Died. George Herbert Hyde Villiers, 78, sixth Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain to the late King George VI, Governor General of South Africa, 1931-37, chairman of the board of governors of the BBC, 1927-30; in London.

Died. Charles Edwin Mitchell, 78, onetime top financier who lost an estimated fortune of \$30 million in 1929, disclosed in testimony before the Senate Currency and Banking Committee in 1933 that he owed the U.S. Government \$850,000 in back taxes; of a circulatory ailment; in Manhattan. Mitchell refused to declare himself bankrupt, as an investment banker (Blyth & Co.) made a startling financial comeback which enabled him to pay off his reported \$12 million debts.

Died. Antônio Caetano de Abreu Freire Egas Moniz, 81, Portuguese neurologist, co-winner of the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1949 as the first man to devise an operation for the treatment of mental disorders (the prefrontal lobotomy), Portuguese Foreign Minister from 1918-19; in Lisbon.

Died. Archer Milton Huntington, 85, multimillionaire founder, with his family, of 13 U.S. museums, including Newport News's Mariners' Museum, Manhattan's Hispanic Society, son of Collis P. H. Huntington, builder of the Southern Pacific railway; in Bethel, Conn.

CINEMA

First Choice: 1955

Game of Love. Two French adolescents drift in the warm round of young love: a modern vegetation mystery made from a novel by Colette (TIME, Jan. 24).

Wages of Fear. The year's most terrifying film: France's Henri-Georges Clouzot watches four rats die in a Latin American trap (TIME, Feb. 21).

Marty. The year's best U.S. picture: the love story of "a very good butcher"; with Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

The Great Adventure. Arne Sucksdorff's camera glides like a serpent through an Eden in Sweden, and the natural world like an Eve reveals her tender, terrible secrets (TIME, June 20).

Summertime. Just one of those things, but it happens in lustered Venice to Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi, and Britain's Director David Lean is one of the best (TIME, June 27).

The Desperate Hours. Hell, in the persons of an infernal trinity of criminals, breaks loose in a suburban home, and Director William Wyler enthusiastically fans the flames, with the help of Fredric March and Humphrey Bogart (TIME, Oct. 10).

Umberto D. The camera sips, more in sorrow than in anger, the dregs of old age; Vittorio De Sica writes a fine fable to the neorealist era in Italian cinema (TIME, Dec. 12).

The Man with the Golden Arm. Nelson Algren's tale of a hot dealer who deals himself a cold card: heroin. A painful, powerful story of human bondage, in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (see below).

The New Pictures

The Man with the Golden Arm (Otto Preminger; United Artists). All that glitters is not necessarily tin foil. In this picture the moviegoer is offered the prospect of a hoppy ending, in which the hero gets the heroin. The Johnston office, standing to the Production Code ("The illegal drug traffic and drug addiction must never be presented"), has stamped its official nix on the picture—the sort of thundering knock that usually brings a lightning boost at the box office. On the screen, however, the picture provides much more than the cheap thrill it promises. The hero is a man who gets lost on the West Side of Chicago and does not bother to go looking for himself. The script, mild enough in comparison with Nelson Algren's cruel, powerful novel (TIME, Sept. 2, 1949) on which it is based, has nevertheless the crudeness of a thing scraped off some metropolitan sidewalk. But it has a human splendor, too—as the story of what happens to a man who cannot bear to let life itself happen to him.

Frankie Machine (Frank Sinatra) is the dealer for Schwiefa's poker game, and a very good dealer he is, with "an arm of pure gold," an eye like an ice pick,

and a nylon line that pays out smooth and hauls the suckers in. But Frankie is a man who carries "a 40-lb. monkey on [his] back," and the only way to knock the monkey off is to get a shot of joy in the main vein. He kicks the habit when he does a stretch in stir, and swears off cards, too, when he comes out; he has learned the drums in prison, and he has a chance to try out with a commercial band. But Schwiefa (Robert Strauss) is not letting go, and neither is Frankie's wife (Eleanor Parker), a demented leech who is systematically eating his heart out. While the wife bleeds him white, Schwiefa sets up a frame. Frankie finds himself in jail on a bum rap. In return for one night in the dealer's slot, Schwiefa bails him out. Frightened and discouraged, Frankie is an easy mark for the needle of Louie, the dope peddler (Darren McGavin), who suggests that just one little fix is all he needs to get him round the bend. One fix leads to another, and another to another, until one day he is sitting in a cheap hotel with a price on his head and nothing to stop the pain of being alive. He begs a blonde tramp (Kim Novak) who loves him to get him just one fix. She refuses and pleads with him to give it up. He says he can't. It's easier to roll all the pain up into one big ball and then kill it with a needle.

This, and not the hypo of sensationalism, is the point of the movie, and the point strikes deep. The picture is sometimes a penny dreadful, because the scriptwriters have seldom consulted their hearts as carefully as they have calculated their effects; and sometimes it is an old-fashioned, hell-fire sermon against moral indolence. At its best, though, the story lays bare the naked truth of human bondage, and this truth shines like a sword.

The heroic theme gets severely heroic treatment. Director Otto Preminger has dulled the sociological backdrop that Au-

thor Algren daubed so brilliantly, has edged his major characters more starkly against the mass. As a result, the picture is no intellectual slumping party but a hard-eyed study of human character, and the actors serve this end with a well-directed will. Arnold Stang, as Sparrow the dog stealer, looks as woebegone and unhealthy as a tenement tom just starting his ninth life on the garbage-can circuit, but he seldom hides the human quality of his part behind his television false face. Kim Novak is the type of the neighborhood frill, and she gives her big scene all she's got. Frank Sinatra, in particular, does a hurting job. Weary, weak, bewildered, battered, Frank's dogged Frankie is a creature who comes bitterly to understand that fate is character, fate is the thing a man can't give up.

Kismet (M-G-M) on Broadway looked like a Hollywood camel opera; as a Hollywood camel opera, it looks and sounds like the late hours of a Shriner's convention, i.e., fun in an overloaded fashion. Howard Keel, as the poet who goes from verse to better at the Wazir's court, cuts a tolerable fine figure in Mesopotamian laundry, and he sings like a baritone bulbul. Ann Blyth (see MILESTONES) is the girl and Vic Damone the boy. The music is borrowed din from Borodin, and except for *Stranger in Paradise*, it sounds like routine Tin Pan Allah. The incidental decorations are eye-filling, though—particularly an albino peacock that holds his end up with more style than most of the chorus girls show.

The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell (Warner). On July 21, 1921, nine clumsy biplanes crossed the Virginia coast and rumbled out to sea like tired June bugs. Eight of them were loaded to limit with a 2,000-lb. egg of destruction. Below, on the deck of the transport *Henderson*, a crowd of U.S. admirals, generals, Cabinet members and Congressmen milled for vantage with a score of newsmen and



FRANK SINATRA AS FRANKIE MACHINE
To the hero, the heroin.

STOCKS AND BONDS



Man, Management and Money

PRESIDENT D. G. MITCHELL OF SYLVANIA WITH PARTNER J. J. MINOT OF PAINE, WEBBER, JACKSON & CURTIS AND SYLVANIA FOUNDER F. A. POOR

How Sylvania Electric's Remarkable Growth was Financed

In 1901 Sylvania was a handful of people making electric light bulbs. Four decades later, Sylvania scientists were helping develop the second most important weapon of World War II—the proximity fuse. By 1954 Sylvania Electric sales of electronic and illuminating products had climbed to almost \$300 million.

Frank Poor financed Sylvania's infant growth by selling his hay and grain business (\$3500), by borrowing from his father (\$750) and by reinvesting profits. Later he sold some stock to investors in and around Boston, but millions, not thousands of dollars were needed to make Sylvania a really big business.

In 1940 Frank Poor called in the nationally-known investment firm of Jackson & Curtis, later to become Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis. Like its successor-firm, Jackson & Curtis distributed securities not only through dealers and other underwriters, but also directly to the public through its nation-wide network of offices.

Jackson & Curtis' first underwriting for Sylvania improved the Company's financial structure. A new issue of preferred stock was sold, and the proceeds used to retire the outstanding preferred stock. The Company benefited from this refunding because the new

dividend rate was lower. Those preferred stockholders who chose to maintain their investment position in Sylvania also benefited. The new issue, unlike the old, was convertible into common stock. Within 3 years, Sylvania common rose sufficiently to net preferred stockholders handsome profits on conversion.

Other refunding issues were underwritten by Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis in the next 15 years. But expansion—not refunding—has been the purpose behind the bulk of the Sylvania securities underwritten by Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis. These new money securities have totaled over \$125 million. They include 2 bond issues, 2 preferred stock issues, and 7 common stock issues. Quantities have ranged as high as 400 thousand shares per underwriting.

Today the products of Sylvania Electric's 10 divisions are sold in every part of the world outside the Iron Curtain.

If you'd like more information about the underwriting experience of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, visit or telephone any of our 40 offices or write David J. Lewis, partner, at our New York office, 25 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y. We'll be happy to give you a copy of our booklet, "Selling Large Blocks of Securities."

foreign diplomats. One by one the bombers buzzed past the target at about 2,500 ft. and laid their eggs. At the sixth pass, an aged officer put his head in his hands and wept, as the "unsinkable" German battleship *Ostfriesland* sank with a glug heard round the world—and echoed violently in military history from that day to this.

The sound, however, was effectively muffled for some time in the corridors of military bureaucracy; and the man who had so inconsiderately upset the steel-plated applecart of 19th century warfare, Brigadier General William Mitchell of the Army Air Service, soon found himself a chairborne colonel in Texas. The brass, as one recalcitrant officer put it, had decided "to ignore the airplane . . . in the hope that if nobody mentioned it, it would go away."

The airplane did not go away, and



COOPER AS BILLY MITCHELL

The glug was heard round the world.

neither did Mitchell. Topping a series of crashes, the Navy airship, the *Shenandoah*, was ripped apart in an Ohio line squall. Thirteen officers and men were killed. Two days later Mitchell dropped a journalistic blockbuster. "These accidents," he announced to the press, "are the result of the incompetency, the criminal negligence and the almost treasonable administration of our national defense by the Navy and War Departments."

The Army had no choice but court-martial, and Billy Mitchell made the most of it. He declared that the U.S. military establishment was obsolete; that the day of armies and navies, as history had known them, was done; that planes would one day fly faster than sound; that the air force should be an independent branch of the armed services. Infantry of the future, he predicted, would be transported through the air ocean and dropped with full equipment on enemy territory. As diplomatic collars popped, he announced

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that the next war would begin with a Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor; he told the court precisely how the attack would be delivered—and history, 16 years later, proved him precisely right.

The court[®] suspended him from service for five years, with loss of rank and privilege, and he resigned. (He died in 1936 at the age of 56.) The air force had lost a leader but found a prophet and a martyr, and in the next two decades Billy Mitchell was a major article of faith in the new cult of air power that justified its doctrines in World War II.

This is the story the film tells competently. At times, however, the celluloid seems to have been coated with whitewash as well as WarnerColor—a treatment that damages Billy as well as the story. Billy's virtues (courage and sincerity) were set off, as well as offset, by his vices (fanaticism and tactlessness). In the part as it is written, Gary Cooper plays the flamboyant Billy for a sort of militant old maid, and his historic cry for justice for the air service sometimes seems about as exciting as an old maid's protest that the neighbor's cat has swallowed her beloved canary.

The Last Frontier (Columbia) ought to put the white man on his guard. It has been a long, hard fight, but the Indians are beginning to win. The reason is not hard to find. Victor Mature is a scout for the bluecoats, but every time old Red Cloud's boys creep up to the fort for a fair party, Mature is reconnoitering the firewater or the colonel's wife (Anne Bancroft). The colonel (Robert Preston) is presented as a psycho who would rather chase Red Cloud than Actress Bancroft. Vic is only too happy to take over the home detail. "Animal!" Anne pants at him one night. "Sometimes," Vic complains, "she looks at me as if I was a bear." "H'm," says his sidekick (James Whitmore).

Whitmore advises Vic that "a good Christian fights it off." Vic is staggered. "How?" Says Whitmore: "He gets another woman." Says Mature indignantly: "I call that real sneaky." He much prefers to leave the colonel in a bear pit for the Indians to find. However, the script hauls him out just in time to lead the final charge—an exceptionally bloody bore.

If nothing else, the acting in this western is unusual. Robert Preston, playing the villain, reads his lines with an engaging military crispness and filches most of the moviegoer's sympathy from Hero Mature, who most of the time can hardly make himself understood. "I seen a boid," he keeps saying. "I seen a boid." Careful study of the script reveals that he is referring to a tribe of Indians called the Assiniboins.

* Among the members of the ten-man court-martial: Major General Douglas MacArthur (who voted for acquittal). Among Mitchell's stoutest supporters: Major "Hap" Arnold, later boss of the Army Air Forces in World War II, and Major "Tooney" Spaatz, World War II bomber boss, later first chief of staff of the separate air force.

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BOOKS



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THE most striking feature of U.S. publishing in 1955, as of U.S. life generally, was prosperity. In a business which talks poor almost from habit, there was little to be heard but complacency. For once, some of the gravy was trickling down to the bookstores. The book clubs were booming. Hollywood was paying fancy prices for books again (\$300,000 for Robert Ruark's *Something of Value*, \$250,000 for MacKinlay Kantor's *Andersonville*, a \$1,000,000 deal for Herman Wouk's *Marjorie Morningstar*). High-priced, quality paperbacks were having the year of their lives.

Of the 12,000 or so titles published, there was the usual quota of fiascos, but those that made the grade did so in great style. Nor were things too bad for the reader. No one book would make 1955 memorable, but there were enough good ones in all departments to have kept a discriminating reader busy.

Africa threw a shadow over the entire year in both fiction and nonfiction. Religion was probably the leading single subject: the Bible may have had its biggest year of all time. Inspirational books kept booming, e.g., *How to Live 365 Days a Year* and *The Answer Is God*. Norman Vincent Peale's *Power of Positive Thinking* dominated the best-seller lists for the second year, with no end in sight.

FICTION

If the best fiction writers could be trusted, life was at worst a dreadful and at best an ironic business. Doubt, violence and cynicism hardly left shelf space for the few novels that tried to stress values; yet there were a few that took a stand for the more attractive sides of man, and their ringing success may be a straw in the wind.

The U.S. businessman continued to be more hero than villain (although a little confused) in such novels as Cameron Hawley's *Cash McCall* and Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. It was perhaps significant of the relative absence of satire that so gentle a writer as J. P. Marquand emerged with the year's best American satirical novel, *Sincerely, Willis Wayde*, the derisive and sympathetic portrait of an eager-beaver businessman who so hotly wooed success that he unwittingly lost his decency during the courtship.

The Black Prince, by Shirley Ann Grau, was the year's best book of short stories by a new writer. The Southern setting, the emotional range from violence to tenderness, the measure of black man and white man, were uncommonly well managed by an author of only 25.

Mother and Son, by Ivy Compton-Burnett, showed the aging (63) British novelist near the top of her brilliant form. She dealt with the tyranny of Momism, English upper-class variety, with the simple, brilliant device that has served her during 15 novels: human speech.

The Recognitions, by William Gaddis, gave U.S. 20th century values a long (956 pages) flaying, went remorselessly after Bohemian phonies, savagely attacked the spiritual and moral bankruptcy Gaddis' tortured hero found everywhere. Alternatingly brilliant and dull, it was a virtuoso performance for a first novelist. Some critics uneasily and unjustly ignored it.

The Cypresses Believe in God, by José María Gironella, was the first part of an attempt, in the grand manner, to tell the story of tortured Spain from 1931 to the present. Using a single town as a testing ground, Gironella, a former Franco soldier, succeeded remarkably well in explaining

how the civil war came about, without deserting his avowed objectivity.

Something of Value, by Robert Ruark, was probably the most tastelessly written book of the year (unless it was Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park*). Around a hackneyed story, and leaning heavily on the writings of others about the Mau Mau troubles in Kenya, Columnist Ruark turned a determinedly lurid story into a top bestseller.

Not Honour More, by Joyce Cary, wound up a notable trilogy by one of the finest living novelists. Like most of Cary's books, this story of political morality coupled with an astonishing love story failed to get the readers Cary deserves.

A Good Man Is Hard to Find, by Flannery O'Connor, was not just another book of short stories about Southern brutality. For a woman in her 20s, Author O'Connor proved herself a sardonic connoisseur of unexpected sources of evil.

Officers and Gentlemen, by Evelyn Waugh, a satire on Englishmen in World War II, was very funny when it roasted spivs and fake heroes, but Tory Waugh was really a sad man when he wrote this fine book. It was about the impulses that make men rise to moral bigness, the disillusionment which comes in the discovery that sacrifices cannot do much to change other humans' natures. It was almost a dirge on the softening of England's national character.

The Collected Stories, by Isaac Babel, were the work of a little-known Eastern Jewish writer who disappeared, probably into a Russian concentration camp, in the late 1920s. An intellectual who fought as a cavalryman for the Bolsheviks, Babel wrote with extraordinary power and vividness about ghetto life and the brutality of revolution.

The Genius and the Goddess, by Aldous Huxley, discoursed with somewhat diminished brilliance on sexual infidelity at the genius level, grace and predestination in life, and the human limitations that accompany a very high I.Q.

Band of Angels, by Robert Penn Warren, one of the most critically overrated novels of the year, kept the Civil War pot boiling with blood, sex, sweat and crocodile tears.

Marjorie Morningstar, by Herman Wouk, again, as in *The Caine Mutiny*, put its author on the side of unfashionable literary virtues—this time, character and middle-class morality. Told as a love story about a stage-struck New York girl, *Marjorie* quickly became the nation's favorite novel.

Confessions of Felix Krull, by Thomas Mann, was the great writer's last book (he died at 80 before it was published), and certainly his most amusing. His picaresque hero, a life-charged confidence man, gave him a chance to poke fun at human folly, but with death so near, Mann had never shown such gusto for life.

Cards of Identity, by Nigel Dennis, This import from Britain was easily the most hilarious, mercilessly penetrating satire of the year. Its theme was badgered modern man looking for a self he can be content with, and the assorted phonies who are only too glad to bring him to couch.

Self Condemned, by Wyndham Lewis, showed England's most effective literary curmudgeon banging away at the shoddy thinking and sloppy living by which contemporary man is surrounded.

Auntie Mame, by Patrick Dennis, was the year's real sleeper. With each passing week this raffish, anecdotal description of life with a zany aunt had fresh thousands laughing, wound up as one of '55's biggest sellers.

Heritage, by Anthony West, not only explained the difficulties of growing up as the son of two unregenerate unmarried geniuses, but was a nice example of how a difficult subject may be handled with urbane intelligence.

Bonjour Tristesse, by Françoise Sagan, a French girl with an existentially sad face, had a French triangle plot, raised above itself by unerringly accurate writing—and by the reader's chilling realization that its worldly insights were achieved by a 17-year-old author. It was the most successful book from outside the English-speaking world. The Germans continued to disappoint (Gerhard Kramer's **We Shall March Again**, and Heinrich Böll's **Adam, Where Art Thou?**), but other countries contributed moving items:

A Ghost at Noon, by Alberto Moravia, found Italy's best writer at his old sport of recording the battle of the sexes. A lesser work, it was nevertheless a shrewd inquiry into the reasons why a man of wobbly character loses the regard of a seemingly simple wife who is all woman.

Nectar in a Sieve, by Kamala Markandaya, did more to explain ordinary life in India than most of the year's nonfiction books on the subject put together. It was a tale of hunger and suffering, wholly lacking in bitterness, and creating quick sympathy for its peasant characters.

Some Prefer Nettles, by Junichiro Tanizaki, gave U.S. readers the first real chance to sample the work of Japan's No. 1 living novelist. Delicate and skillful, it showed how traditional Japanese life became riddled by personal tensions after Western influences began to take hold.

The Honor of Gaston Le Torch, by Jacques Perret, was one of the most charming extravaganzas of the year, a pleasant escapist whimsy about a Gallic Walter Mitty.

BIOGRAPHY

While 1955 was no vintage year for biography, there were some good short lives and two or three jobs of major quality. None seemed so anxious to tell all as actresses or their biographers—from Mary Pickford (**Sunshine and Shadow**) to Ethel Barrymore (**Memories**) to Katharine Cornell (**Me and Kit**) to the late Gertrude Lawrence as **Mrs. A**. The best work was done by writers who wrote about other writers.

Julius Caesar, by Alfred Duggan, was not based on fresh research, but it had other virtues: brevity, a clean, readable style, and the good sense to see its great subject plain.

Henry Adams, by Elizabeth Stevenson, brought sound sense and a thaw of compassion to one of the finest minds and coolest customers in U.S. intellectual history. Biographer Stevenson also forged a convincing emotional link between Adams' Cassandra-like forebodings and his numb grief over his wife's suicide.

The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud, by Dr. Ernest Jones, brought Freud up to 1919 in the second volume of what may well be one of the major biographies of the decade. A psychoanalyst himself, Jones dug deep into the secret places of history's greatest Peeping Tom.

Laurette, by Marguerite Courtney, stood high above all the many books about movie and theater folk. Not only did the tragic story of alcoholic Actress Laurette Taylor have more substance than others, it was also told with greater intelligence and in better writing.

Jefferson Davis, by Hudson Strode, tried to rescue the President of the Confederacy from the sour apple tree from which he has been so long sus-

pended. In the first volume (another to come), Davis seemed to be treated with exaggerated sympathy, but the portrait of a young Southern gentleman came from intimate sources and was long overdue.

The Solitary Singer, by Gay Wilson Allen, gave Poet Walt Whitman his sturdiest monument, a huge, perhaps overstuffed life that probably includes every available scrap of information about Walt.

Lincoln the President, by J. G. Randall, was finished by Richard N. Current after Randall died. Like the first three volumes, it was no reading delight, but it capped the only major life of Lincoln by an academic historian, one who was more interested in realism than in myth-making.

Hogarth's Progress, by Peter Quennell, provided a guided tour of 18th century London, together with a biography of that city's great "phiz-monger," William Hogarth. A lusty, bumpy period and the fine artist who did most to celebrate it got something like their due.

Passionate Pilgrim, by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson, was a scrupulously honest and sympathetic biography of Vincent van Gogh.

The Life of Rudyard Kipling, by C. E. Carrington, went a long way toward explaining the mind, the character (and so the work) of the great British writer who was not afraid to celebrate character, whether in his countrymen or in his country.

The Intelligent Heart, by Harry T. Moore, was certainly the best single introduction to the life of Novelist D. H. Lawrence. He aroused great critical passions and great personal response (he almost drove so sane a fellow as Bertrand Russell to suicide), but Biographer Moore steered a steady course through the tortured life of one of the 20th century's most disturbing writers.

HISTORY & WORLD WAR II

The kind of history that proposed big round answers to large historical questions or propounded Toynbee-like views of man's drift simply did not show in '55. Fascinating bits of Americana were almost daily occurrences, from **The American Cowboy to The History of American Funeral Directing**. The U.S. Civil War was seldom out of sight, though in small focus, and a huge project dealing with one of Christianity's most dramatic impulses got under way with the first volume of **A History of the Crusades**. As is usual now, some of the year's best history showed up in fiction, e.g., **The Cornerstone**, by Zoë Oldenbourg, a well-written, well-researched novel about 13th century France.

Cities in Revolt, by Carl Bridenbaugh, was a thoroughly researched reminder that Colonial America was not made up exclusively of farmers and frontiersmen. Professor Bridenbaugh is the acknowledged master of the history of Colonial cities, and in this book he fascinatingly established not only their importance as centers of civilization but as incubators of revolution.

A Military History of the Western World, by Major General J. F. C. Fuller, still has one volume to go, but the first two showed that Fuller is probably the best overall war historian now writing. No narrow-minded blood-and-guts man, he showed how politics and economics influenced wars and leaders in a notable survey that starts in the 5th century B.C. and moves to 1815.

The King's Peace, by C. V. Wedgwood, joined scholarship and good writing in what was probably the year's best book of history, a fine study of the four years (1637-41) that led to the English civil



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wars. As a result, Charles I seems less a villain than a fool.

The Day Lincoln Was Shot, by Jim Bishop, was no piece of formal scholarship, but a vivid though painstakingly researched picture of the tragic events of April 14, 1865. Bishop's book had the impact of a sharp detective's report.

Soviet Espionage, by David J. Dalin, gave a country-by-country report on Russian espionage that will probably never get the circulation it deserves. The top authority in the field, Dalin impressively described the extent and methods of a network that is as ruthless as it is tireless.

Assignment to Catastrophe, by Major General Sir Edward Spears (Vol. II, **The Fall of France**), was one of the most vividly written memoirs of World War II, by Churchill's liaison officer with the French. The story of a single month in 1940, it described the apathy, indecisiveness or treachery of the Frenchmen who presided over their country's defeat.

The Call to Honour, by General Charles de Gaulle, was the testimony of the man who made the Free Fighting French a reality almost singlehandedly after the fall of France. Unfortunately, he still seemed to believe that France's real enemies were the U.S. and Great Britain, but his courage and his near mystical sense of destiny gave his book a unique quality.

Midway: The Battle That Doomed Japan, by Mitsuo Fuchida and Masatake Okumiya, described the most decisive naval battle of World War II (one of the authors led the attack on Pearl Harbor). The story of a great U.S. victory seemed the more stirring because it came from the other side.

GENERAL NONFICTION

Art books, some very expensive, sold extremely well, and some of them were of major importance (e.g., **The Penguin History of Art Series**). Supermarkets sold dictionaries and encyclopedias by the hundreds of thousands. Enough people were worried by **Why Johnny Can't Read** to boost it way up on the bestseller lists; not enough were interested in challenging reading to do as much for Walter Lippmann's **The Public Philosophy**, a disputatious essay on the need of natural law at democracy's base.

Gift From the Sea, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, outsold every other book of the year by a good margin, and at the 400,000 mark there was still no sign of a letup. The multiplicity and fragmentation of modern daily life were too much for Author Lindbergh, and her well-written cry of "Enough, enough!" obviously found a vast chorus of agreement.

Apes, Angels and Victorians, by William Irvine, succeeded remarkably well in bringing to life the whole controversy that followed Darwin's announcement of his theory of evolution. Better still, it produced a fine portrait of Cretchet, brilliant Charles Darwin himself. One of the year's most readable books in any category.

The Dignity of Man, by Russell Davenport, published after the author's death, boldly faced the question of U.S. chances for survival in a materialistic world in which Communism may be able to beat the West at the game of materialism. Davenport made it clear that even guns and butter together can no longer win unless men find strength in God and individual dignity.

The Crime of Galileo, by Giorgio de Santillana, was a fine piece of intellectual detective work that played out the 17th century contest between Scientist Galileo and the Inquisition.

The African Giant, by Stuart Cloete, was a profound and troubled attempt to search out the deeper sources of Africa's troubles. Having briefly hopped **Inside Africa**, John Gunther came out with a bestselling, massive catch-all that was short on analysis but gave his usual breezy impression of having exhausted his subject.

Memoirs, by Harry S. Truman. In the first two volumes, **Year of Decisions**, the ex-President described how he was broken into office, provided a 100-page autobiography of a remarkably commonplace life, and told about some of the decisions he had to make during a critical year in U.S. and world history.

POETRY

During the year Wallace Stevens died — as unostentatiously as he had lived — and with this businessman-poet went one of the most notable lyric voices. In contrast, Welshman Dylan Thomas was not allowed to rest even in the grave. Every available scrap of his prose was exhumed. Trading on an association with a poet who had caught the popular fancy, Minor Poet John Malcolm Brinnin wrote **Dylan Thomas in America**, which was intimate to the point of tastelessness.

The Poems of Emily Dickinson, by Thomas H. Johnson, was a monumental work of such precise scholarship that only new discoveries will justify further inquiries concerning the poetry of Emily Dickinson. Every known poem, with its variants, was in the three volumes, as was everything known about its origins. Together with Author Johnson's succinct biography, **Emily Dickinson**, the work seemed to have wrapped up the subject once and for all.

The Collected Poems of Edith Sitwell were final proof, if any were still needed, that Dame Edith deserves a place with the best poets now writing in English. This book showed the remarkable road she had taken from poetry for the sake of sound and sensuous color to an awareness of God and regard for man.

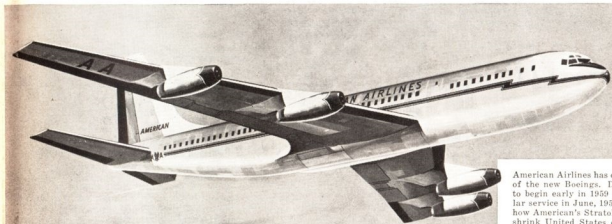
Collected Poems, by Robert Graves, brought large-scale proof that the man who wrote clever historical novels was really a poet who wrote prose only for the cash of it. His best poems were beautifully composed, full of rich and sometimes formal wit, and when he wrote about women in love there was no contemporary to touch him.



Pan American World Airways has ordered 20 Boeing 707 Stratoliners, for delivery late in 1958, and scheduled service the following spring. Here are some of the proposed flight times:

New York-Paris, 6 hrs. 35 mins.
Chicago-London, 6 hrs. 45 mins.
San Francisco-Tokyo, 12 hrs. 45 mins.
N. Y.-Buenos Aires, 11 hrs. 15 mins.

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American Airlines has ordered 30 of the new Boeings. Delivery is to begin early in 1959 and regular service in June, 1959. Here is how American's Stratoliners will shrink United States distances:

Los Angeles-New York, 4 hrs. 15 mins.
Los Angeles-Chicago, 3 hrs. 10 mins.
Chicago-New York, 1 hr. 25 mins.

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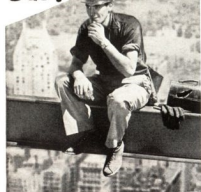
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MISCELLANY

*A calendar of the triumphs, defeats and contortions
of the human spirit during 1955:*

JANUARY

Sentimental Journey. In Lewiston, Me., Engineer Frank E. Hollis, 75, retiring after 58 years of railroading with only one accident, set out on his final run to Rumford, collided with a car in Lewiston's outskirts, cracked into another at Dixfield, pulled wearily into the Rumford terminal four hours late.

FEBRUARY

Dowry. In Memphis, Lloyd T. Riddle, 30, went to court to break a \$2,100 contract with the Arthur Murray Dance Studio, argued that he had married one of the studio's instructors and could now learn to dance at home.

MARCH

Music Hath Charms. In Chicago, Church Organist Robert J. Metzler, 50, got a court injunction against Harriet Davis, thirtyish, and her mother, Mrs. Belle Davis, fiftyish, complained that for four years they had upset his organ playing by coming to church on Sundays and ogling him from the front pew.



APRIL

Dividend. In Indianapolis, Criminal Court Judge Saul I. Rabb rejected a request that the jury members in a robbery case be examined by a psychiatrist, commented: "There's no statutory requirement that a juror be sane."

MAY

First Things First. In Tauranga, New Zealand, Postman James Duncan, 41, was fined \$56 after postoffice repaimen found under the floor boards 1,200 Christmas letters, which Duncan had hidden there when he realized that he did not have time to deliver the mail and attend a Christmas Eve party as well.

JUNE

Now Hear This. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Loretta Day, 53, filed suit for divorce from former Navy Lieut. Commander Charles B. Day, 63, charged that he logged her comings and goings, made her spend her vacation "swabbing the decks" to pass inspection, would not let her enter his den without permission when red, white and blue pennants were displayed outside the door.



JULY

References. In London, Norman White, 29, was sentenced to eight months in prison after police told in city court how he had taken five jobs in three weeks, got himself fired from each within two hours and collected a week's pay by phoning his new employer: "Get rid of that man White; he's a homicidal maniac."

AUGUST

Mixed Emotions. In Philadelphia, lawyers probating Bartender Victor Ehrmann's will found that he had left \$1,000 to Margaret Cole, characterized as "My best friend and cause of my ulcers."

SEPTEMBER

Station Brake. In Marietta, Ohio, Raymond Ray won a divorce from his wife Regina Bell Ray after testimony that he watched TV every night until the last station signed off, forbade him to talk to her except during the commercials.

OCTOBER

Night Flight. In Walkerton, Ont., fined \$40 and costs for careless driving, Andrew Frieburger, 72, told the magistrate that he ordinarily drove his car by celestial navigation, but lost his bearings and wound up in a ditch when he mistook a TV tower light for the evening star.

NOVEMBER

A Votre Santé. In Amarillo, Texas, determined to prevent her husband from having his final Sunday bottle of beer, Mrs. Gertrude Camile drove her car through the saloon doorway, tore off 12 ft. of wall in a run that caused \$1,000 damage to the bar, stepped out into the wreckage-strewn mess and clubbed him with a two-by-four.

DECEMBER

The Guilty Flee. In Jonesboro, Ark., Mrs. R. J. Barnhoft was arrested for drunkenness when she drove into a service station dragging a driverless pickup truck by the rear bumper of her car, and whispered darkly to the attendant: "I wish you'd check that guy behind me; I think he's drunk."

TIME, DECEMBER 26, 1955



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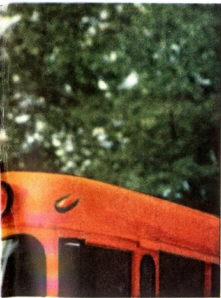
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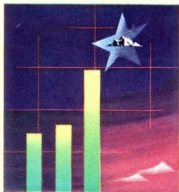


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